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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

AN ANTI-SLAVERY PREACHER ORDERED OFF.

From The Marshall (Texas) Republican, Sept. 3.

DALLAS, in this State, has recently been the scene of considerable excitement, owing to the presence of one of those abolition emissaries connected with the Northern branch of the Methodist Church, who, not taking the necessary warning from the summary dismissal of several others of his brethren in the adjoining counties, had the temerity to proclaim his incendiary doctrines in Dallas and other localities. A public meeting was held in Dallas on the 12th ultimo, at which Col. J. M. Crockett presided, and T. C. Hawpe acted as secretary.

The Chairman addressed the meeting, in a brief but pointed manner, explanatory of the object of the meeting; and after the explanatory declarations and evidence of highly respectable citizens of the county were heard, upon motion the Chairman appointed the following committee to draft suitable resolutions: Charles R. Pryor, A. Moss, W. H. Hord, A. M. Moore, T. C. Hawpe and A. J. Witt.

After a few remarks by Gen. J. J. Good, followed by Col. Crockett, the meeting adjourned to meet again at one o'clock p. m., Saturday, 13th August, 1859.

The next day the meeting again convened, and the committee reported a preamble and resolutions, very decided in their tone, and, as we should judge, exceedingly unpalatable to an Abolitionist. Among them we find the following:

Resolved, That we deny the existence of any state of affairs amongst us that would warrant the effort on the part of Northern Churches, Benevolent or Aid Societies to send us these "wolves in sheep's clothing," who, with Bible in hand and evil in their hearts, go forth preaching the most dangerous and insurrectionary doctrines; and that we do not accord to any such Societies the privilege to interfere with our rights and institutions, manners and customs; that we are opposed to the presence of such persons among us, and will expel them from our borders as a public nuisance.

Resolved, That we would recommend to the different Churches in our county, for which we entertain the high st respect and veneration, the importance of purifying their pulpits from the presence of such persons as come under public condemnation, for perverting the pulpit from its legitimate purposes, and making it subservient to their unholy designs.

Resolved, That we believe the safety of our families, our homes and our property is endangered by the presence and preaching of these men; and that we feel justified in adopting the most stringent means to restrain and prevent such things.

Resolved, That, as law-loving and law-abiding citizens, we look to the laws of our country to protect us in our rights; and in the event that the law cannot reach such offenders, of whose guilt we are morally certain, then we will resort to other means to protect our lives and property, and will expel such offenders and intruders from the soil they defile by their presence.

Resolved, That we particularly have reference to one Parson Solomon McKinney, against whom we have ample testimony to warrant us in believing him guilty of disseminating doctrines of the tendency above referred to, and we take this means of protesting against the dangerous sentiments he has preached to our slaves; and that we take this opportunity of warning him to seek a field where the sentiments of the people are more congenial to his own, and not again attempt to preach in this community.

The meeting then adjourned *sine die*.

The resolutions were adopted with but *one* dissenting voice. The reverend gentleman alluded to was present, and heard the resolutions read. *The Herald* advises him to leave, and intimates very strongly that if he fails to do so, the consequences to him will be quite unpleasant. Other localities have also, it appears, had Parson McKinney's case under consideration. The citizens of Lancaster held a meeting, and passed resolutions that he should not fill his appointment at that place, and furnished him with a copy. The country, in a word, is getting too hot to hold him.

Dallas is situated in the heart of one of the richest landed districts in the State; emphatically the wheat and stock raising region of the South. Thousands of acres of land, of almost unexampled fertility, invite settlement and enterprise. Owing to its remoteness from navigation, it has been settled mainly by small farmers, many of whom, coming from the non-slaveholding States, have been supposed to be inimical to slavery. This country has settled very rapidly within the last eight years, and is at present the heaviest voting portion of this Congressional district. The exports of flour, wool and cattle are by no means inconsiderable, and are yearly increasing. Steam flouring mills are established in various localities. There is not a day scarcely, in the winter season, but wagons transporting machinery for this region of the country may be seen passing through our streets. It is a slow and expensive process to transport by ox teams such heavy articles a distance of from two hundred to two hundred and fifty miles. Even under these unfavorable circumstances, hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of men are getting rich in this productive region.

The editor of *The Herald*, who is himself, we are persuaded, a thorough Southern State's rights man, says the "cow country," as it is familiarly called, is sound on the slavery question. It seems, however, that the Abolitionists have taken a very different opinion, inasmuch as this seems to be the spot in which they have commenced their pioneer movements to sow the seeds of fanaticism. Perhaps they thought the prospect better from the fact that in the northern counties there were comparatively few slaves. For this reason (the absence of a considerable slave population) there is more danger to be apprehended of unsound sentiments getting a foothold. Hence it is the press and the public men of this section of the State should labor to inculcate proper sentiments, and to expose those who are seeking political preferment by courting Free Soil influence.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

LETTER FROM SENATOR DIVEN.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

IN noticing the proceedings of the Syracuse Convention, you are pleased to ascribe the rejection of my nomination for Judge of the Court of Appeals to my report in the Senate against what was called a Personal Liberty law.

The manner in which this notice is made is calculated to give the impression that I am an advocate of the law of Congress known as the Fugitive Slave law.

Any such impression does me great injustice. I have always regarded that law as infamous in many of its provisions; some of which I regard without constitutional authority. I consider the manner in which it was passed humiliating to the free States. The complicity of the Northern Democracy in its passage was one of the causes which drove me from that organization. I have never omitted, at all proper times, and on all proper occasions, to denounce it, and will never cease, while I have left one particle of political influence, to exert that influence for its repeal or amendment. I am unwilling to stand before the public, even by implication, as the apologist of that law. The report to which you refer justifies nothing of the kind. As a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, I had referred to me for a report the following petition and bill:

"*To the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York:*

"The undersigned, citizens of the State of New York, respectfully ask you to enact that no person who has been held as a slave shall be delivered up by any officer or court, State or Federal, within this State, to any one claiming him on the ground that he owes service or labor to such claimant, by the laws of one of the slave States of this Union.

"Macedon Centre, March 21, 1859."

[Signed by Hugh B. Jolly, Clark Freer, and some fifty or sixty others.]

AN ACT *to protect personal rights and liberties.*

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. No person now in this State, or who may hereafter come into it, or be brought in it, shall be considered as property or treated as such.

§ 2. Whoever shall arrest, imprison, or carry out of this State, or shall attempt to arrest, imprison, or carry out of this state, any person for the alleged reason that such person owes service or labor, as a slave, to the party claiming him, shall be punished by imprisonment in the State prison, not exceeding five years.

§ 3. Whenever any person shall be deprived of liberty, arrested or detained in this State, on the claim that he owes service or labor to any other person as a slave, the person so arrested, or detained, shall be entitled, as of right, and of course, to the writ of habeas corpus. Such writ to be applied for, issued, and returned, as now provided by law, except that the same may be returned before any justice of a court of record; and if it shall appear by the return of said writ, or otherwise on hearing before the said justice, that such person is deprived of liberty, arrested or detained, because he was, or because it is alleged that he was, a slave before coming or being brought into this State, and as such is held to service or labor, to the person claiming him, he shall forthwith be discharged.

§ 4. Whoever shall suffer wrong or injury by any proceeding punishable by the provisions of this act may maintain an action and recover damages therefor, in any court of record in this state.

The report strongly condemned the proposed bill as being directly in conflict with the third subdivision of section two, article four, of the Constitution, which provides that "no person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

I have never yet found any one who was able to reconcile the proposed law with this provision of the Constitution. Until I do, I shall be disposed to stand by the report.

There appears to be a class of persons who think that he who defends a constitution defends all the bad use that is made of constitutional power; and that he who counsels obedience to law declares himself in favor of bad laws. It must be upon some such hypothesis as this that the report in question can be construed as you appear to construe it.

If the reporters are right, some member of the Convention characterized this report as a defence of the Dred Scott decision. This delegate, I should hope in charity, never read the report, as nothing but ignorance of its contents could shield him from wilful misrepresentation. Those who care enough for my views to notice what I have said and written in condemnation of what I think the most outrageous opinion ever emanating from so high a source will not be misled by any such charge.

As I expect long to do battle in the Republican ranks, I desire to resist all attempts to engraft upon its platform any unconstitutional dogmas. The office of that party, as I understand it, is to bring back the government to a constitutional basis—not to subvert the Constitution. Should the party ever be betrayed into a position of hostility to the Constitution, and resistance to the laws, among the very smallest of the results would be the withdrawal from its ranks of so humble an individual as your obedient servant, A. S. DIVEN.

AN ENGLISHMAN APOLOGIZING FOR SLAVERY.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1859.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Daily News.

BELIEVING as I do that your paper is conducted upon the basis of the strictest impartiality, and that it is ever open to give publicity to anything for the benefit of society and the public good, and that a conservative doctrine is the sterling principle of your editorship, induces me to ask you to allow me a small space in it to say a few words in relation to several articles that I have, with surprise and regret, read, since I arrived in this city on business, in *The Tribune* and other abolition papers. These are so replete with errors and falsehoods as regards Southern slavery that I cannot, in justice to my own conscience, and in justice to the contented and well-fed Southern slaves, allow them to pass by me unnoticed. Any person possessing common sense will easily discover that most, if not all, of these incendiary articles emanate from the pens of English aliens who have the impudence to come here and assume the omnipotent God-head over the affairs of this country, and oftentimes realize large fortunes by abusing its institutions, which they know but little about, as their minds and feelings are inaccessible to honest convictions in consequence of having built in them an impenetrable barrier of prejudice and envy; and I would beg most respectfully to say to such that if they want to develop their counterfeit philanthropy, and to ameliorate the social condition of the laboring classes, to take a trip back to England and ameliorate the condition of the poor, industrious, down-trodden and half-starved-to-death miners, stockingers, and weavers and apprentices, who scarcely ever know what a good meal is, instead of interfering with the happy and contented Virginia slave, who bask in the sunshine of everything that is necessary for their comfort and happiness, and who have the greatest abhorrence against the very name of Abolitionists imaginable, and who make a great deal more for themselves every week than the majority of English laborers make to supply a large family and pay rent and taxes.

There are no slave beggars in Virginia, but there are thousands in England; there are no slave paupers in Virginia, but there are thousands of them in England; there are no slaves in Virginia that die from exposure and want, but there are thousands that do in England; there are no slaves in Virginia that commit suicide from poverty and want, but there are thousands that do in England. I have seen white slavery in England in all its tyrannical forms, and I have seen colored slavery in Virginia with all its happy effects, and as these English writers for the abolition papers write from prejudicial and theoretical impressions, I will write from practical experience. The jubilant feeling existing in England, at this time, in view of the prospect of an abolition President being elected at the next Presidential election, demonstrates the feeling English people have toward America. They have nominated that anti-American traitor, Wm. H. Seward, for President, and I should not be surprised to hear that they nominate one Mr. Douglass, not S. A., but Frederick, for Vice-President.

Very respectfully, J. ATKINS.

Selections.

A DOUBLE BEREAVEMENT.

DEATH OF E. L. CAPRON AND SAMUEL PHILBRICK.

From The Liberator.

IN the Providence *Journal* of Sept. 17th, we find the following announcement:

"Died, in this city, at the residence of Dr. G. L. Collins, on the 1 th instant, EPPINGHAM L. CAPRON, of Worcester, aged 68 years."

THUS has passed away to a higher and better sphere one of the earliest, truest, most clear-sighted, and most reliable and devoted, of all those who have given their adhesion to the anti-slavery cause. His death is indeed a surprise to us, for we had received no intelligence of his illness, and it is but a short time since we had the pleasure of grasping him by the hand in this city, time seeming to have made no perceptible impression upon him during the last thirty years.

It is difficult for us to express our estimate of his worth. He abounded in all that makes up excellence of character, in its most perfect symmetry. Gentleness, benignity, firmness of purpose, moral intrepidity, the soundest judgment, a generous sympathy, a world-wide humanity, the largest conscientiousness and reverence, admirable circumspection without feebleness or faltering in the performance of duty, radical without rashness, blending gravity with geniality, manly strength with womanly modesty, an ever-progressive spirit with an even frame of mind—these were his distinctive traits, commanding the implicit confidence and the highest respect of all who had the privilege and the pleasure of his intimate acquaintance.

We had published but a few numbers of *The Liberator*, in an obscure upper chamber in the old Merchants' Hall, Congress street, when, one day, a grave-looking Quaker entered, and inquired if we were present. Answering him in the affirmative, he scrutinized us silently for a few moments, then turned away, overcome by his emotions, and left the room. Soon afterwards he reappeared, and expressed his wish to become a subscriber to the paper; and, from that hour till his decease, regularly received *The Liberator*. That person was EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON. In referring to that visit, almost at our last interview with him, he said he was led to seek us out by a strong curiosity, excited by the distorted representations of our object by a malignant pro-slavery press; and finding us, if not "a marvellous proper man," at least without any hoofs or horns, and no monster at all—almost a beardless youth—his feelings found relief in tears.

Through all the trials and mutations of the anti-slavery cause, he has clearly apprehended every difficulty, serenely met every issue, stood his ground uncompromisingly. Let who might hesitate or waver, he was always erect, discriminating, inflexible. His was not a nature to be indifferent to the good opinion of his fellow-citizens; but he had such an absorbing and abiding love of the truth, and such an unquestioning faith in the right, that, like an apostle of old, he "never conferred with flesh and blood," but adhered to his conscientious convictions at whatever cost.

Doubtless, his severest struggle was in withdrawing his sympathy and fellowship from the Society of Friends, of which he had been for many years a much respected member, and to which he was tenderly and strongly attached. A primitive Quaker in his spirit, worthy of Quakerism in its purest and most vital period, he was sorrowfully convinced, after a long and painful experience, that humanity had nothing to hope from the organized body, as such, which, conforming to the corrupt and time-serving spirit of the age—especially as pertaining to the anti-slavery movement—was clearly incapable of grappling with the prevailing sins of the times, or giving an effective testimony against popular wrong-doers.

From the earliest period he has been on the list of managers of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and Vice-President of the Massachusetts and President of the Worcester County (South Division) Anti-Slavery Societies. His name has been familiar to Abolitionists throughout the country, though he seldom uttered a word on the anti-slavery platform. He was a pattern of devotedness and punctuality, ever at his post, and making a regular attendance upon all local meetings, and at every anniversary, for the furtherance of the cause of the enslaved, a part of his abolition duties. The presence of no one will be more missed at our gatherings than his own, which was a benediction in itself.

He was not only an Abolitionist, but interested in every truly progressive or reformatory movement—a thorough teetotaller, a consistent non-resistant, warmly interested in the struggle for equal rights, without regard to sex as well as complexion, and the advocate of unfettered thought and inquiry concerning all religious dogmas and speculations. The all-abounding spiritual phenomena of the age also received his careful attention; and where he felt satisfied of their authenticity, he was not afraid or ashamed to testify accordingly. From that source he derived much satisfaction, based upon rational evidence, which was to his own mind conclusive; for credulity was no part of his nature.

Among the sterling band who, in the midst of a fiery persecution, assembled in Philadelphia, in December, 1833, for the purpose of organizing the American Anti-Slavery Society, was EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON; and his signature was promptly appended to the DECLARATION OF SENTIMENTS, which was adopted at that time. Of the sixty-two persons who signed that famous instrument, nearly one-third have ceased from their labors, and entered into rest.

Our departed friend ever made us a welcome guest under his hospitable roof. We shall miss his pleasant greeting and his kind attention on visiting "the heart of the Commonwealth"; but the magnetism of his blessed spirit will be felt by us as long as our earthly life shall endure. We humbly trust for a personal reunion beyond the grave, in God's good time, and companionship together throughout eternity.

The painful duty now devolves upon us of announcing the removal of another widely-known and highly respected friend of the anti-slavery cause—SAMUEL PHILBRICK. He died at his residence in Brookline, on Monday morning last, aged 70 years and 7 months, with all possible serenity and peacefulness.

In *The Liberator* of Aug. 9th, we published a letter from him to the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, of which he had long been a member, resigning his office as Treasurer of the Society, on account of his increasing bodily infirmities. It was accompanied by a strong testimonial, on the part of the Board, to his great personal worth, and the value of his long-continued services. That office he filled for nearly twenty years, with a skilfulness and fidelity which cannot be surpassed. He had rare business talent, consummate judgment in all financial matters, and the most perfect order and method—for the lack of which, benevolent associations not unfrequently suffer in their management. In this particular, especially, his loss will be severely felt, and also as a wise and sagacious counsellor in all deliberations of the Board.

Like our departed friend, E. L. CAPRON, he was formerly connected with the Society of Friends (having been a birth-right member), of which his father was a much esteemed minister. But, at a comparatively early period of his life, his independence of mind and deep religious experience led him to take an outside position, and he never again connected himself with any sect. His individuality was strongly developed, but there was nothing enthusiastic, impulsive or wayward in his nature. In whatever he did, he endeavored to keep "a conscience void of offence," to meet all his engagements and discharge all the duties of life in a spirit of exact rectitude. His marked characteristic was INTEGRITY. He abhorred everything that bore the semblance of dissimulation, and appreciated at its true value an ingenuous, straightforward course of conduct; being himself a pattern of trustworthiness, and remarkable for his frankness and plainness of speech, without respect of persons, in all his dealings.

Mr. Philbrick was a native of Seabrook, N. H., but commenced business life in Boston, became a leather merchant, and, having acquired a competency, retired in 1836—since which he has been publicly identified with our struggle. He has been a director in the Eastern Railroad, and also in the Atlantic Bank, and held other honorable positions in the business community.

"Angels, guard the sainted dead!
Memory loves to view the spot
Where their living presence shed
Blessings on our earthly lot.
Then the graves wherein they rest
Shall no more the spirit view;
From the mansions of the blest
Gleam the faces old and true!"

THE POLITICAL AND CHURCH PROPHETS OF A SLAVEHOLDING THEOLOGY.

THE dragon's teeth, sown by the Church, in sanctioning the crime of slaveholding, are producing their legitimate harvests. Teachers are springing up on every side, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their consciences seared as with a hot iron, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. The fruit follows, the natural consequences are developed, with frightful rapidity. Who could have dreamed that in so short a period after the Dred Scott decision, which our conservative clergy refused to denounce, because they said (some of them at least) that it was so bad, so infernal, that it must remain a dead letter, and might safely be let alone—that so soon a sovereign State of this Union could be permitted, and could have the requisite corporate hardihood in this man-stealing villany to take its free colored citizens by the throat, and compel them, under penalty of imprisonment and banishment, to assume the caste and nature of slaves, as their inalienable brand for themselves and their posterity; compel them to descend from the state of men and persons into the condition of brutes and things, by a compound pressure of cruelty so infernally ingenious that they are made to seem to choose what their tormentors, by a hidden succession of cranks and levers, screw and force upon them? And then, once thus imbruted, the Church comes in, together with the law, and for their offspring applies and sanctifies, as just and right, that incarnation at once of brutal cruelty, indecency and impiety, *partus sequitur ventrem!* It is difficult to say which are most remarkable, the theological or political prophets of this school of blasphemy and impurity.

Mr. Jefferson Davis would not, on any account "be confounded with those who prate of the inhumanity and sinfulness of the foreign slave trade." "His objection against that trade for the State of Mississippi is solely that it would diminish the value of her *domestic* slave trade." For other States, the revival of the foreign traffic is as holy as religion, is indeed a work of distinguished missionary mercy, strengthening "all those countries which can only be developed by slave labor in some of its forms, and which, with a sufficient supply of African slaves, would be made tributary to the great mission of the United States, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to establish peace and free trade with all mankind." "It is not the interest of the African, but of Mississippi, which dictates my conclusion." "Her arm is no doubt strengthened by the presence of a *due proportion* of the *servile caste*, but it might be paralyzed by such an influx as would probably follow if the gates of the African slave-market were thrown wide open."

But, oh beloved political pastors and teachers, how does this agree with the theory either of the curse or the blessing, for the glory of God? How dare you, for the sake of the State of Mississippi, restrict the influx of the curse, or the tide of missionary benevolence? And how does the theory and faith of the curse and the punishment, and your filial piety and zeal for having it inflicted, agree with the object which you declare you have in view as the great mission of the United States through the perpetuity of slavery, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and, by a piracy which produces perpetual and savage war from one end of the continent of Africa to the other, to establish peace and free trade with all mankind?

Transparent and detestable hypocrisy! Had you dropped all pretence of piety, there might have been some redemption, even for your ignorance and inconsistency. But who does not know that the desire to feed the hungry, clothe the needy, and establish peace, never, by the most distant possibility, entered into your conception of the mission of the States, nor into your motives in the establishment, sanction and perpetuity of slavery! The pretence of conscience and piety in all this is not even as respectable as the nailing of a custom-house seal upon an old brandy cask, to conceal the manufacture of native American adulterated liquor.

Then in regard to Cuba, and our patriotic designs upon Naboth's vineyard, there is a beautiful sanctimonious abhorrence of all undue covetousness and unnecessary violence. "Neither," says Mr. Davis, "would our consciences sanction nor the civilized world approve of the seizure of the Island merely because we wanted it. Higher motives, stronger reasons, must be adduced in the forum of conscience, and before the tribunal of nations." We must be able to plead that we want it so much that we cannot do without it. We want it so much that the need becomes a necessity; we must have it or die. We must have it, or somebody else will take it, and hold it as a stopper of the Caribbean seas in spite of us. And who does not know that the likelihood of Cuba ever coming into possession of any other civilized nation in the world but ours would be reason and justification enough, before God, with all mankind, and in the forum of conscience, for our taking possession of it beforehand? It would be from the best of motives, and with justificatory circumstances, as in every case of Christian slaveholding, that such a seizure would be undertaken; and we being a Christian and a free people, such seizure would of course be greatly for the glory of God, and the freedom of the oppressed inhabitants of the Island, who are now restricted from the privilege of possessing even their own slaves, except under such humiliating dependence on the parent country as no chivalrous free people ought ever to endure. By the memories of Bunker Hill, as well as by our own necessities, we are called upon to deliver that beautiful island from such bondage.

"Thus the justice of our policy," according to our great political preacher, "may be defended. To repel invasion, to secure intercourse between the States, and to protect their commerce on the high seas, are duties of the General Government so universally admitted that the right to employ all lawful means for their fulfilment requires no argument. It remains, then, to show that the occupation of Cuba is a necessary measure." It is necessary whenever we want it so much that we cannot do without it, or are in danger of bursting with supposed desire. It is necessary whenever we think there is danger of any other nation possessing it. Then, by the same rule by which a starving man would be justified in snatching a loaf of bread to keep himself from dying, we, as a nation, should be justified, in the sight of conscience and the civilized world, in stealing the island of Cuba. All this was settled at Ostend.

If any Satanic suggestion ever put in human language merited the apostolic appellation of doctrines of devils, it is the propositions and arguments set forth in this discourse by Mr. Davis. If Satan should appear on earth as a lecturer, and stand on some horse block, and gather an audience of the rough-scuff of creation round about him, he could not propound more infamous principles, with more devilish hypocrisy and unction of conscience and philanthropy. For the brazen assumption of piety and philanthropy, this defence of the righteousness of slaveholding, this justification of the traffic in human beings, both foreign and domestic, is unmatched. Mr. Davis carries his religion into politics, and his politics are worthy of his religion. But all the cant and slang of the most illiterate conventicles are innocent and sacred before the parade of Mr. Davis's pious regard for conscience, virtue, humanity and the glory of God, in this debasing plea for the holiness of human chattelism.

As to God, it is purely out of regard to his sovereignty, and in confirmation of his providence, and as to man, it is solely out of sheer benevolence, that he and his Southern brethren take the charge of the slave population upon themselves, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to save the soul, and to preserve a helpless race from being exposed to the trials of freedom, "trials under which they must generally sink." It is indeed a wonderful exercise of philanthropy, which assumes the whole cost of the protection and support of millions, to keep them from the perils of freedom, and from ending their days in a mad-house! Unparalleled benevolence! Amazing devotion to the good of society! Disinterested love to a helpless, outcast, black and wretched race! Condescending and self-denying admission of a cursed and incompetent caste under a more than parental discipline of tenderness and love, receiving them into the bosom of your own families, with all the intimacy of such amalgamation, that you are fast removing the reproach of the tincture of their skin, and preparing thoroughly to obliterate the melancholy brand of God's asserted curse upon them! Surely, heaven will bless the endurance of such odious intimacy, for so noble a purpose of practical benevolence, with such generous disregard of all the offence and reproach, the cost and trouble. Heaven has commanded you to love the stranger as yourselves, and your reward for such obedience is sure.

Meantime, it is a duty which ye owe to your ancestors, to yourselves and your posterity, to vindicate your benevolent domestic institutions from unjust reproach. Calumniated race of philanthropists! through evil report, and through good report, the faithful missionaries of God! It is indeed the duty of preachers like Jefferson Davis to rebuke the impiety of man, and, by manifestation of the truth, to commend yourselves, and your orphan homes for millions, to every man's conscience in the sight of God. "To be right both in conscience," remarks Mr. Davis, "and in the estimation of others, is to be strong. From the time when, in vain reliance on the strength which unity of people and of language gave, impious man attempted on the plain of Shinar to defy the power of his Creator, and was confounded and dispersed, never has there been any permanent prosperity, which did not rest on the basis of virtue." Oh admirable preacher! Oh loss of the pulpit forever to be deplored, when the unction of such sentiments was shut up to political [illegible] the cabinet of J. B. Yet here it can never be confined. It will not stay hidden under such a bushel, and how great will be the illumination and the glory when it shall shine to all the world as the candlestick of a Presidential Message!

The profession of piety, humanity, and missionary zeal in the foreign and domestic slave trade, in the system of slavery and the practice of slaveholding, is indescribably revolting and hideous. How is it possible that either the Church of God, or even the synagogue of Satan, can endure such desperate and leering cant? It might, according to the description of Coleridge, set all Pandemonium in a broad grin:

"You seem to hear hell's burning rafters
Unwillingly re-echo laughters!"

And yet this consecrated and malignant hypocrisy is received in all gravity into the bosom of the Church, where even the devilish maxim, *Partus sequitur ventrem*, is engraven as a sacred register of the Providence of God, consecrating the condition of slavery as immutable, perpetual, and forever just and right. From the Church the plague of such immorality has gone forth to be adopted as the religion of politics, and almost all parties make themselves naked for the inoculation, and cover the very creed and charter of their rights with its disgusting pustules. It may be said of this progressive pestilence, this infinite corruption of piety and morals, gangrening not only the heart and mind of the people, but striking their very political constitution with sickness and death—it may be said as of Job's leprosy, "By the great force of my disease is my garment changed; it bindeth me about as the collar of my coat." Even so, the freest constitution on earth is at length stricken through with despotism and iniquity, by the interpretation of the judges, and the corruptions and willingness of the people that receive and put it on so perverted, as the wrap-rascal of the sum of all villanies.

"When nations are to perish in their sins,
'Tis in the church the leprosy begins."

And here is the fatality of our ruin; for in the midst of all this, just as it was of old, "the people do not seek the Lord of hosts; therefore, the Lord will cut off head and tail in one day. The ancient and honorable, he is the head in this conservatism of evil, and the prophet that speaketh lies, he is the tail. For the leaders of this people cause them to err, and they that are led of them are destroyed. Every one is a hypocrite and an evil-doer, and every mouth speaketh folly."

But yet, He cometh, He cometh, to judge the land in righteousness! And the Light of Israel shall be for a fire, and his Holy One for a flame, and it shall burn and devour the forest of thorns and briars in one day. The morality of the slaveholding Church and its prophets is like a tangled wilderness of scrub Upas-trees, infested with deadly serpents. At every step you breathe poison; and while your flesh is torn by the knotted underbrush, your veins burn with pestilential virus. The lizards and snakes of a preadamite world, not intended for man's abode, crawl over you, and glare upon you.—*Dr. Cheever, in The Independent.*

A TRAVELLING ELDER.

THERE are, it seems, Travelling Elders of two kinds in the Methodist Episcopal Church South—a kind who travel with orders, and a kind who travel without orders. The Rev Thomas Whitlock, of Pembroke, Christian County, Kentucky, is of the kind who travel when orders are wanting, for he has travelled so far and so fast that he can neither be found nor overtaken, although the desire to find him is so strong on the part of one Mr. J. S Holland of the same place, Christian in name, and also, let us hope, in character, that for want of words he puts his feelings into figures, and expresses them in the numerals, $150, and $100. The unhappy Holland, whose bowels so yearn after the wandering preacher, will give the former sum if the pastor be found in the State of Kentucky; but by the rule of inverse proportion, which belongs to that region of our common country, and which makes a man of less value the further he is off, the second and lesser sum only will be paid provided the fugitive be found on the Northern side of the Ohio river.

The Rev. Mr. Whitlock is a young man, but a man of weight—being of age twenty-eight years, and in pounds avoirdupois one hundred and eighty. He is evidently in the vigor of manhood, and sound, probably, in wind and limb. Of his preaching qualities we are told nothing, but, as Southern preachers go, he is, doubtless, up to any man of his weight and years. What his inches may be, we are not told, nor yet his color—whether black, griffe, white, or yellow; of the first, we may presume they are sufficient for a proper distribution of the pounds weight; and of the last, we conclude the hue to be of a good marketable quality. But on all these points Mr. Holland should have been more particular, as without a more careful designation the opportunity offered to the "brethren" to turn an honest penny is not promising.

If individual effort, however, shall fail in the attempt to redeem the erring and errant shepherd, we submit that the case is one which properly comes within the scope of the Southern Aid Society of this city. What stronger evidence can be given of the necessity of Gospel-preaching at the South than that preachers of the Gospel run away from their duty, and the hungry sheep give such loud acclaim of their hunger for the bread of life? What layman among us is there who would testify to the sincerity of his love for his master by advertising, when that almoner of his spiritual food shall have accepted a "call" elsewhere, that he will pay $150 for his rendition if he be found this side the Hudson, and $100 if on the other? Pew-tax and parish-tax we pay, though not always without grumbling, but voluntary contributions of this sort for the means of grace are not so common. The Southern Aid Society should take Mr. Holland's case into immediate consideration, and so extend its assistance not merely to him, but to that whole County Christian, where, no doubt, he still resides, mindful of his duty, and where the Rev. Mr. Whitlock, unmindful of his, would reside no longer. Let them give to Mr. Holland, if they cannot recover Mr. Whitlock, another pastor, equally good, equally possessed of the gifts and graces of the ministry, aged not more nor less than twenty-eight years, and weighing not less than 180 pounds in summer clothing. A correspondent in Fairfax County, Va., informed us a few days ago that, at a recent Methodist camp-meeting, while one of the brethren was engaged in prayer, an impatient trader, also, no doubt, a brother, brought the supplication to an abrupt termination by putting his hand upon the mouth and shackles upon the wrists of the supplicant, and hurried him off to other and more worldly duties. Could not the Southern Aid Society institute inquiries as to the character of this man on whom the gift of prayer is evidently so strong that it was not to be repressed even under such circumstances, and if he should be found to be of the requisite age and weight, relieve the distress of the Kentucky brother by a presentation? It may be that the Virginia exhorter would supply the spiritual necessities of Christian County, Ky., as well as be for whose return Mr. Holland is so anxious. We have no doubt that any Presiding Elder in Fairfax County could and would give all desirable information, and aid the Southern Aid Society in a case so laudable in itself and so clearly within the purpose of that Association.—*Tribune.*

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

DOMESTIC SLAVERY.

DOMESTIC slavery exists among those tribes of Africa which I have visited, but is of a mild form. The slave is well treated, and is not overworked, as he has almost nothing to do, agriculture being nearly unknown. He is considered as a member of the family of his master, partakes of his joys and of his troubles, and goes to war with him, if war there be.

Wealth among these Africans consists of wives and slaves. These are considered the necessary attendants of fortune, and form the cortege of a man of rank. A master will consult his slaves in many things, and when desiring anything from them his orders are given in such a way that they are glad to help him who has often helped them, and who has many times before settled their *palavers.**

The domestic slave is not generally sold for the slave-market, unless he has infringed the laws, or become indifferent to the welfare of his master, and this is but seldom the case. The children of slaves are free, and consequently slavery is not entailed upon them from generation to generation.

The slave looks up to his master and learns to consider him as his father, and always calls him so. He has no one else on whom he can lean in case of trouble, or on whom he can rely in the hour of trial. Being a stranger and without a master, he would often be subject to a multitude of palavers which would soon make him a victim to the foreign slave trade.

The government of the multitude of villages and little tribes scattered almost all over Africa, among the heathenish tribes, is patriarchal, with few exceptions. Not only the slave, but also the free man, puts himself under the patronage of some man of power, that he may have some one on whom to lean when trouble comes upon him.

I have often seen a master who, when his slaves were condemned to be sold, would pay two or three other slaves, bought for the foreign market, rather than sell one whom he has held as a domestic, or whom he received by way of inheritance.

But notwithstanding this seeming equality between the [illegible] vast difference between the free blood and those descended from slaves. The latter, though the children of several free generations, have the stain of slavery upon them, even if the chiefs of villages. In that case, however, the village must be made up of those who are also slave-descended, as one of that class can never be a ruler of the free. From those of the pure free blood the head chiefs are always chosen, even where the population of the descendants of slaves is ten times more numerous than the free, which is the case in several tribes among which I have travelled.

There is but one tribe—that is the Mpongwé—in which slaves only are put to death for the penalty of witchcraft, while the free are exempt from it. In this tribe, also, slaves are sometimes killed at the death of a person of quality, in honor of his memory.

I suppose that one of the main reasons why the masters do not treat their slaves harshly is because of the singular custom or law of Mboongo, or Mboongon, which is simply this: When a slave is dissatisfied with his master, he may go to any other man he chooses, and, laying his two hands upon his head, claim protection. The man who is thus appealed to is obliged to give the succor prayed for, and keep the suppliant as one of his own slaves. No objection can be urged and no *palaver* can be made by the master.

There is also the fear of witchcraft, which keeps not only the master in check, but even the chief. They are restrained from acting too harshly by the fear of being bewitched by the injured party.

This domestic slavery exists in all that part of Africa just south of the Equator, and a few degrees north of it. But there is no foreign slave trade among these tribes, and, I think, never has been, probably because they have no single king with power enough to establish it.

THE FOREIGN SLAVE TRADE.

I come, I may say almost with tears, to the foreign slave trade for the market of the white man.

Poor, down-trodden Africa! when will the civilized world cease to send its vessels to buy thy people; when will this most abominable traffic cease; when will humanity triumph over the love of gain; when will the nations of the earth unite together and listen to the cries of thy woes; when will they understand the sorrows of wretchedness we heap upon thee!

We know not, nor can conceive of, the misery which is visited on poor, benighted Africa, unless we go among the numberless tribes which people its shores. But I cannot doubt that if the civilized world could see how great that wretchedness is, there is Christianity enough and philanthropy enough to end it. If the voice of one who has been a lonely traveller and a wanderer among them can help but feebly by telling the miseries he has seen, and which have been occasioned by the foreign slave trade, he will be too glad to be able to render that service.

Go anywhere along the shores of Africa, and one is sure to see, wherever the slave trade has been carried on, natives who form the worst and most wretched population. There is more drunkenness than elsewhere, more trouble of every sort, more wretchedness, a lower morality, more crime, more iniquity, than is ever seen in any other tribe. It is easy to understand this. The slave-dealer arrives with his cargoes of rum and of goods. It is his interest to keep, I should say almost all the time, the people in a state of drunkenness, that he may have power over them, and that they may carry on their iniquitous traffic without scruple. So, for years it goes on, until the conscience of the natives is perfectly obliterated. We all know that the Africans are poor and degraded, and we all ought to know that it makes them ten times worse when we go among them to establish the slave trade. How long shall we tolerate these unprincipled men who carry on this iniquitous traffic, and who care nothing for the woes they bring upon the Africans, provided their barracoons ashore are well filled with the spoils of the wars of these unfortunate tribes?

Let us recline for a moment the woes we send on this doomed land. On the arrival of the slaver on the coast, see the frantic joy with which the natives hail its approach! The news spreads from village to village, from tribe to tribe. The white man has come and bids them begin their merciless work, and to resuscitate old feuds which were forgotten, to make palavers about witches, to bring accusations of witchcraft, to put in force the penalties of slavery, which had been until then forgotten, to sell people for debt, to punish by slavery cases of adultery which were before passed over as excusable in the loose moral code of the Africans, to encourage in many tribes the father to sell his children, others to find fault with their kindred, who, they say, are good for nothing but to be sold.

In the Ogalois tribe of the Ogobai River, they sometimes resort to such means as this to procure subjects for the slave trade. When salt is scarce, and when its want is severely felt by this tribe, a man throws salt in a lonely path and then hides himself

passed in that body, without division, on the 27th of January, 1807. The measure reported to the House by its Committee was debated from time to time, with the view of ascertaining and inserting the most effective penalties by which to put an end to the traffic, when, on the 13th of February, 1807, the bill sent from the Senate, after being amended, was read and passed with only five dissentients—Messrs. Silas Betten of Maine, Martin Chittenden of Vermont, James M. Garnet of Virginia, Abram Trigg of Virginia, and David R. Williams of South Carolina.

"It may be proper to state that the eighth section of the bill, as amended by the House of Representatives, contained a proviso excepting the coastwise trade in negro slaves (not imported contrary to the provisions of the act under consideration) from the restrictions and penalties embraced in the bill. To this amendment the Senate refused to agree, and, the House insisting, committees of conference were respectively appointed on the part of both branches of Congress. As the result of this conference the views of the House substantially prevailed, though not without some modifications, which provoked strong dissent on the part of many Representatives.

"The bill was finally passed in the House by a vote of 63 yeas against 48 nays. Among the latter is recorded the vote of Mr. Early of Georgia, who had been so actively instrumental in framing the act; but it is important to add that he expressly based his opposition on the ground that the bill, as modified, left, in his judgment, "a door wide open to evasion, and would not prevent the introduction of a single slave." The great mass of those who voted with him in the negative were, in like manner, prompted by dissatisfaction with the details, and not with the substance or object of the measure.

"The subsequent measures adopted in 1818 and 1820, affixing additional penalties to the traffic, were in like manner adopted by the common consent of Representatives from all parts of the Union, and received the assent of President Monroe, in pursuance of whose earnest recommendations they were passed by the National Legislature."

$100 REWARD.—Ran away from the subscriber, living in Princeton, Caldwell County, Ky., on Sunday night, the 14th inst., a negro man named BOB (frequently calls himself PUP). Said boy is about 28 years of age, dark copper colored complexion, about 6 feet high, and weighs about 170 pounds. Said boy is likely in appearance, quick spoken, and possessed of great shrewdness. The subscriber is informed that four other Negroes left in company with Bob, whose description he is unable to give. It is highly probable that they will endeavor to reach a free State by crossing the Ohio river somewhere between Henderson and the mouth of the Cumberland. I will give $100 reward if caught out of the State, or $50 if caught in the State and confined so I get him. WILLIAM CASH.

al. 6t*

From The Cortland Republican.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Aug. 21, 1859

MESSRS. EDITORS: Enclosed you will find a slip advertising "a runaway slave."

It was my fortune to become possessed of more facts in relation to Bob's case than are expressed in Mr. C.'s advertisement.

I was busied just within the door way of the house where I am now employed, when a tall and rather fine-looking Kentuckian approached me and remarked that he could make no purchases of us to-day, because he had just got bad news from home. I asked him, "What is it, what can it be?" He replied, "one of my boys has run away," at the same time handing me a telegram which ran thus: "Your boy Bob ranaway last night, with four other boys."

Mr. C., in order to make known to me Bob's value and his loss, described his person and activity—his qualities, both of body and mind, instancing some facts of Bob's life.

"He was about five years ago sold to Tennessee, he soon ran back two hundred miles through a thickly-settled country to his old home in Princeton," because he had a wife there. How like "white folks" this; who would think it of "a nigger?" But remember, Mr. Editor, there is some Caucassian blood indicated by that "dark, copper-colored complexion." Does that account for all of it?

Bob's wife was the property of Mr. Cash. He then purchased Bob, and he seemed contented and faithful; two children were born to them; they both died. This of course was only a loss to the master; he suddenly found himself possessed of less property convertible into cash than he supposed. About five months ago Bob's wife, worth $1,800, pined away and died. How like "white folks" this, too.

Bob, until this last event, had exhibited no sign of discontent, or aroused the slightest suspicion, the cunning dog! And now how well he has chosen his time to execute his plans; Sunday night, when Mr. Cash was two hundred miles from home, and takes four others with him. How unlike "a nigger" this! How like *smart white folks!*

The fugitives start about forty miles back from the Ohio river; they could not reach it before the second night, and then as the river is low, they would find but little difficulty in crossing. Their dangers after crossing are quite as great as before; there is time for their pursuers to gain upon them, and there is the whole of "Egypt" before them, yet it, no doubt, has its line of the U. G. R. R., should they strike a depôt of it, their dangers are much lessened. Was I the veriest pro-slavery man, it appears to me I should hope that Bob would succeed in his race for self—for freedom. He certainly exhibited a true soul, and one worthy to be free.

Mr. C., when he got his bills off, was to take the first train through Indiana and Illinois, to intercept them. He declared that "should he succeed, Bob would never get another opportunity to run, he would put him into jail and sell him South"; he'd "fix him."

The hope for Bob is in God, his energy and shrewdness. He shows a spirit which will overcome obstacles, though they appear in the shape of equally energetic men. Canada, freedom and self-hood are ahead; slavery with attendant degradation, and who knows what memories are left behind? Urged on by this, there is hope, though fear is chasing close after.

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THE WEBSTER STATUE.

Boston Correspondence of The Tribune.

As I have alluded to the Webster statue, let me say that we are waiting for a fair day, in order to have Mr. Everett's eulogy repeated, in front of the State House, where seats have been provided for 6,000 persons. The Legislature has once heard it, even tramping through the mud from the State House to the Music Hall for the purpose; but they are eager to hear it again. But not even Mr. Everett's finely-turned periods and finished style of elocution can make people satisfied with the statue, as a work of art or as a likeness. And there are plenty of growls from the Abolitionists. *The Liberator* says the statue must be removed, but I don't think it will be, unless there shall be danger of disunion, in which case Mr. Everett gives us reason to believe that it will "descend from its pedestal to stand in the front rank of the peril." Be sure, if it ever does this, it will never get back again. The idea of relying upon Mr. Webster or his brazen image for aid in time of peril is very ludicrous. There is nothing heroic in his history, as in the history of John and Samuel and John Quincy Adams, who were true representatives of Massachusetts character. It is disgraceful to the State that this prominence should be given to a man not a native of the State, and who, whatever may have been his ability and his early services on the right side of the political questions of the day, betrayed the people he represented in his last days, and cast his great influence into the scale of oppression. But "complimentary flunkeyism" is the order of the day. A great part of the time of many leading Republicans is taken up in burning incense under the noses of living Hunkers, or tramping about in processions in honor of dead ones. My friend Sourkrout, who desires to check this tendency, has handed me a copy of an oration upon Mr. Webster, which he is ready to deliver if requested. I dare not quote the whole of it, and I fear you will think what I do give you is of a sacrilegious character. He says—the blasphemer!

"Daniel Webster was born in New Hampshire, from which place, having been starved out by his creditors in early life, he came to Boston, where he was owned for 30 years by a few corporations, who, then finding him damaged and expensive to keep, sold him for $50 000 to a New York Company, who soon put him off to the Slave Power for a promise of the Presidency. The last purchaser, having got the article, did not pay the consideration, and, there being no means of enforcing the contract either in the Federal or State Courts, Mr. Webster retired to Marshfield, where, having 'sot' on Mr. Winthrop, he died, and was buried with great pomp. He was then duly canonized by Mr. Everett, and his statue by Powers, an execrable caricature, was set up in the State House yard, causing much speculation among the members of the General Court whether it was meant for Pericles, Pompey's Pillar, or the Razor Strop Man in a mood of rapt contemplation; or if it is Webster, whether it is Daniel, Noah, or the Professor. Opinions differ. A respectable tailor attracts good custom by advertising that *he* did not make the pantaloons on this statue. Mr. Webster was a good lawyer, a moderate statesman, a poor diplomatist, and at one period of his life an orator. From this latter complaint, however, owing to full feeding, he recovered. His private life was adorned with some virtues. He was a first-rate judge of chowder, the English classics, and old otard. He was an expert fisherman (though timid in a boat), a poor shot, and had the best hog in Plymouth County. He attended church with considerable regularity, and his respect for the Methodist clergy was great. He hated a lean ox, an unfilled can, and Abbott Lawrence. He loved brook trout, Peter Harvey, and his country. He left to his family a splendid legacy of unpaid debts, and a sincere love of good liquor. He was a good-looking man, Powers to the contrary notwithstanding. The great army and innumerable company of American insolvents will continue through all time to hail him as their august apostle, and will treasure his memory and copy his example with affectionate fidelity and respect. To all good little boys, and Presidential aspirants, the chief lesson of his life is, *Own Thyself.*"

Thus far Sourkrout. I do not indorse him. On the contrary, I am shocked, as you will be, by his irreverence. But, taking his estimate and Mr. Everett's together, you will obtain a very accurate view of the character of the man whose effigy we have just set up and consecrated.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

THE PENNSYLVANIA MEETING.

AMONG the speakers who are to be at the State meeting at West Chester next week may be named Rev. Dr. FURNESS, LUCRETIA MOTT, ROBERT PURVIS, J. M. MCKIM, MARY GREW and THOMAS WHITSON, of Pennsylvania, and Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, AARON M. POWELL and OLIVER JOHNSON, of New York.

The trains leave Philadelphia for West Chester (by the new road), from the Station N. E. corner of Eighteenth and Market streets, at 7.15 and 9 30 a. m., and at 2.30 and 5 45 p. m. Returning, leave West Chester, from the Station on East Market street, at 6.45 and 9.30 a. m., and 2 and 5.15 p. m.

It will be necessary to take the first train (the one at 7.15 o'clock) to be at the meeting in time.

The President, Mr. Mott, will take the chair at 10 1-2 o'clock, precisely, and the meeting will at once be organized. Miss Greenfield will commence the proceedings by her touching appeal for Freedom, "Pity the Slave."

PERSONALITY.

A VALUED correspondent in the last STANDARD has spoken (well, as we think) of some of the points of discussion raised by our highly respected friend, Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Massachusetts. We have no fear of losing Adin Ballou, either from the Anti-Slavery cause or from that organization, in support of it, of which he has been so long an honored and a useful member. Individually, we are in perfect agreement with him in holding Non-Resistance precious, both for its own sake and for its effective instrumentality in behalf of the slave; but we are persuaded that the sober second thought will make it plain to him, and to every *practical* Christian, that the recognition and advocacy of justice is a help rather than a hindrance towards the recognition and advocacy of love; that, pertinacious as a fighting Abolitionist may be, it is safe to regard him as nearer the kingdom of heaven and more accessible to moral suasion than a fighting slaveholder; and that, however blind the majority of Abolitionists may still be to the merits of Non-Resistance, their ranks still form the most promising harvest-field for the laborers in that important department of Christianity.

We propose now to speak of one of Mr. Ballou's criticisms which our correspondent left untouched, the "contemptuous personality" which he finds, and regrets to find, on the anti-slavery platform.

The charge of an undue use of this instrumentality by the Abolitionists has been made, and made by a large portion of the community, ever since the first number of *The Liberator* was issued. It was necessarily so. The agents and organs of the anti-slavery cause charged guilt, a failure in known and obvious duty, a commission of great and inexcusable wrong, upon the whole community; and they charged special and aggravated guilt upon certain members of the community, who committed the sin in question with deliberate pertinacity, in connection with greater knowledge of the right and less temptation to commit the wrong. Of course all these parties were offended. Of course they all entered the plea of "not guilty," declaring themselves falsely accused, and declaring the accusers calumniators; and, equally of course, the mass of the people were *most* indignant at the latter class of charges, which assailed not them, but their guides and oracles, the clergy, the lawyers, the senators and representatives, the men who, having power and influence, used them against the slave. The multitude said—"Such things as they say of *us* are bad enough; but to make such charges against the Rev. Doctor A., and Deacon B., and Squire C.! It is enough to make the very stones cry out! Away with such fellows from the earth; for it is not fit that they should live!" Then, as now, the "contemptuous personalities" were the things most shocking to the public ear; and to judge by the newspapers, and the sermons, and the prayer-meetings, and the common street talk of twenty years ago, you would have said that William Lloyd Garrison and his associates were the worst and most dangerous of men.

Since that time, the community, in this State and New England, has materially changed its ground, having come not *to* Mr. Garrison's position, but much nearer it than formerly. The people of those States have, for the past twenty years, been doing more and more of those things which the Abolitionists have been demanding of them. How is this? Has calumny drawn them towards alliance with, and resemblance to, the calumniators? Not at all. The charges which they called calumny were truth. The more those charges were sifted, debated, and looked fairly in the face, the more they were found to be just and righteous. And the result has been—a result still going on, and continuing, year by year, to mature fruit more and more nearly approaching to genuine anti-slavery—that the simple iteration of the dictates of religion, justice and humanity in regard to the slaves, *with direct and pungent personal applications to those personages, however styled Reverend and Honorable, whose influence interposed most obstruction*, has, with the certainty of a hydraulic press, obliged the pro-slavery public to move in the direction indicated. The great Methodist Church, the great American Tract Society, and numerous smaller pro-slavery organizations, have been burst in sunder by the power of anti-slavery truth, by the power of something always despised, rejected and protested against, but which, being truth, wrought continually more and more effect till it prevailed.

All this time we have been accused of "contemptuous personalities." We have certainly said many severe things of men, some of whom possessed the admiration and some the respect of the community. Does justice to them, or to ourselves, require us to recall any of those severe things? To take back, for instance, anything that we have said against Hubbard Winslow or Bishop Hedding, South-side Adams, Daniel Webster or the Tract Society? Not a syllable. Those things were said, first because they were true, and next because they were plainly seen to be needed; and the result has shown the expediency of not keeping back such truth. The very fact of a personal application of our principles to persons so conspicuous, a steady holding up of the shamefulness of their position in contrast with the claims of truth and righteousness, was the very most efficient means of arousing their blinded followers from that apathy which is the greatest obstruction to any needed reform. Many of those followers, awakened by this very means, are now entirely with us; and a much larger number have made marked progress in the way towards us.

We do not forget that Adin Ballou is a very different person from those whose case we have been considering, nor that his objection stands on ground quite different from theirs. They cried out against personality because they were pricked in the heart by it, convicted of sin, and exposed as hypocritical pretenders, both in regard to the government which they falsely called a free republic, and to the Church which they falsely called a Church of Christ. Our brother Ballou, on the contrary, as long as we have known him, has preached and worked as a Christian man should, in behalf of the slave. Moreover, he does not say that our charges in regard to pro-slavery individuals are false, and he does not say that all accusatory designation of individuals is wrong. His objection is to "*contemptuous* personality." And our part is to consider, giving such weight as is due to the opinion of an intelligent, respected and beloved colleague, whether this is necessarily wrong.

As the propriety of open censure depends first on the fact whether censure is deserved, and next on the expediency of making public declaration of it, so, it seems to us, the propriety of *contemptuous* censure must be decided, first by the fact whether the conduct in question is truly contemptible, and next by the expediency of publicly designating this special characteristic of it.

So many and so broad are the gradations between one wrong act and another that to lump them in a common condemnation, or to use the same formula by which to characterize each, would be to confuse most important moral distinctions. Again, so fine are sometimes the gradations between wrong and right, or, indeed, so perfectly are wrong and right sometimes united in the same action, that we must carefully discriminate unless we would do gross injustice.

For instance, lying is wrong. What, always wrong? Certainly. What, even for a good object? No doubt of it. But yet we must allow that there is an *immense* difference between the guilt of that poor, ignorant and persecuted man, who, being entrapped by kidnappers a fortnight ago in Missouri, echoed the lie which they dictated to him to save himself from immediate death under the scourge, and the guilt of that Reverend Secretary of the American Tract Society who wrote and published * a voluntary and deliberate lie to escape the shame of confessing a long course of dishonesty, in which he had been the accomplice of the Society! Assuredly, those two lies are not to be described by the same terms of accusation.

No doubt falsehood is wrong! always wrong! and our brother Ballou is ready, as he should be, to bear this needful testimony in all cases. But, when he sees a poor man, who has told a lie, at his own imminent peril, to secure the escape of a fugitive slave, rejecting the price of blood which was offered for his capture, does not something within with equal force impel him to grasp that man's hand with brotherly affection, and say to him—"Count upon me for whatever help I can give, in time of need, to you or yours!" Will he not be likely to say this even *before* he discharged his conscience by saying—"Brother, this was not the best way to promote our common object!"

It cannot be denied that there is a vast difference in moral character between this lie and the lie that the kidnapper told to entrap his victim. And if they are different in character, they require different terms of description.

Every wrong action is not a mean action. But some acts, besides being wrong, are base and vile, exciting immediate and irrepressible loathing and contempt in a right-minded person. Shall we meet one of these simply with the declaration that it is a wrong action?

We know that there are such things as popular sins; things which, though plainly wrong, have become first tolerated and then reputable in the community, and which maintain their ground against assault through the sophistical apologies made for them by the guides and leaders political and religious, of the community. We know also that some of the things thus practised (and continuing reputable because thus defended) are not only wrong, but base, mean and contemptible; such, for instance, as the surrender of men under the Fugitive Slave law; of which, nevertheless, the base, mean and contemptible character is screened from the eyes of a large part of the population by the deliberate efforts of leading men, men of high intelligence and influence, some of whom are called Reverend, and others Honorable, and who, for their own purposes, set darkness for light, and evil for good, before the people, and actually persuade the people to receive them as such. Are *these* offences to be treated impersonally, as if poor ignorant Tom, Dick and Harry were equally culpable with the Reverend clergyman and the Honorable senator whose lead they blindly follow, and whose arguments have expressly urged them to the guilty course in question? This were hardly justice, and it could hardly have much effect upon Tom, Dick and Harry. They will say, naturally, and not unreasonably—"If you think you can overthrow the published arguments of the Reverend Nehemiah Adams and the Honorable Daniel Webster, why not address yourselves to them?"

Again, admitting, as it seems reasonable to do, that we *should* address ourselves to them, is the personality thus required to be carefully shielded from being a *contemptuous* personality? That is to say, in commenting upon their position, are we to speak of it simply and calmly as a wrong position, keeping back all utterance of that sense which is boiling in our hearts of its meanness and baseness; of the contemptible oppression of the poor and weak which the surrender of a fugitive from slavery necessarily implies; of the disgraceful perversion of intelligence and influence to the work of leading parishioners and constituents away from the right and into the wrong; and of the atrocious betrayal of personal, professional duty involved in the action, of an Honorable Senator directly against the Declaration of Independence, and of a Reverend Clergymen directly against the Golden Rule!

It seems to us that a full expression of the contempt naturally excited in an honest, true humane heart by such conduct is an important part of our duty; is our duty alike towards the perpetrators of it and towards the community; and that this duty, under the circumstances, requires the offenders to be arraigned before the community, with just that minuteness of personal designation, and just that emphasis of contemptuous abhorrence, which the character and the aggravation of their offence are suited to excite.

*31st Annual Report of the American Tract Society, 1856, p. 202.

DEATH OF EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON.

WE have copied on the first page Mr. Garrison's tribute to the memory of our late venerable friend, EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON, whose sudden decease has touched many hearts with a feeling of sorrow. We give place here to the following extract of a letter from Rev. SAMUEL MAY, Jr., to *The Liberator*, dated at Leicester, Mass., Sept. 20.

"The funeral services were had yesterday at Uxbridge, his place of residence in early and middle life. Quite a large number of his friends came from other towns, and, at half-past one o'clock, a long procession, accompanying his lifeless body, moved from the house of his brother, John W. Capron, to the Congregational meeting-house, which had been kindly granted for the occasion. A very large number of the citizens of Uxbridge, who had long known and respected Mr. Capron, were gathered there, and the house was filled. The services were strictly after Friends' custom. I cannot dwell upon them, for the whole service was a trying and a painful one to me. I do not like to call it formal, or cold; but there was the least possible allusion to our dear old friend's marked and noble characteristic of life, and apparently an entire absence of sympathy with all those objects which had possessed his heart for nigh thirty years, even with those great questions of humanity, which, as the very essence of Christian faith and duty in our day and land, had claimed and held, during that time, the homage of his deepest convictions, of his warmest feelings, and his most steadfast labors. That was the saddest of all! It was a sore bereavement to very many present to know that he had departed, and hardly could we admit the thought that we should see his face no more, for we felt it was very hard to lose him from our side in the great contest with slavery and its multiform abominations; and yet for him we were *glad*. We knew that he was ready to go, and entirely willing. We knew he had fought a good fight, and had kept the faith. We knew that peace, and honor, and the approval of the just and gracious God whom he served, were his, if ever mortal man could attain such glorious reward. And, for him, we could be reconciled, yea, grateful to God, whose strengthening spirit had sustained him through every trial and difficulty, and brought him to the end, firm in his integrity. But that, in the hour when his friends, filled with affectionate and respectful thoughts and memories of his upright, pure and benevolent life, stood for the last time around his remains—that then there should be scarce a recognition of those great causes of humanity and God, which had been so dear to his soul, to which he had given the warmest and strongest testimony of his life—this was indeed hard to bear, for we well knew this would, to him, be the unkindest and most unpardonable act of all.

"The services consisted of a prayer, and a discourse from a speaker of the denomination of Friends, and were closed by a prayer by another member of the same body; after which, I did myself feel so strongly moved that I could not do otherwise than arise and express the wish to offer a few remarks, if consistent with the order and proprieties of the occasion. No objection being made, I endeavored, in the brief time which I felt it right to occupy, to say a few of those words, and bear a portion of that testimony, which I well knew our departed friend would earnestly desire should be uttered, making mention of the singular constancy and fidelity with which he had kept his first vows to the anti-slavery cause, and also to other causes which came to him with all the force and beauty of Christian truth and Christian duty, and especially speaking of the completeness of his own self-emancipation from those cords of *sect*, which so often become chains. And having thus spoken, I expressed my deep regret that *you*, his long-cherished friend, were not present, to speak your own convictions of his character, and some words of solace to his surviving children and friends. I expressed the belief that you would have been there, had you received information of the event in season to enable you to do so; for I well knew that your regard for him was that of a brother, and that you would feel his loss as coming very close home to your heart.

"The disorder which terminated our friend's life was a low typhoid fever. It seems to have approached him in a way which caused no particular apprehension in his own mind, or that of others. He kept his house in Worcester for upwards of a week, and then was removed to Providence to the house of one of his daughters. There he was ministered to with all tender and assiduous care. But the disease had got too firm a hold to be dislodged. Some three or four days before his death, he fell into such wandering of the mind as to recognise no one, not even his children. Among the last few names which he uttered, in this unconsciousness, was yours. And so he went forward to that hitherto unseen state, in which he devoutly and thoroughly believed, and where he trusted to find those, so dear to him, who had been lost on earth.

"And, while I write these lines, there comes to me the intelligence of SAMUEL PHILBRICK'S death! For this I was not unprepared, indeed, so very feeble has his health been; but yet the sense of our loss, and of the loss our good cause suffers, becomes painfully realized. An eventful period indeed has been the last year and a half to those who are associated in the anti-slavery work. SARAH H. EARLE, CHARLES F. HOVEY, ABA CUTLER, EFFINGHAM L. CAPRON, and now SAMUEL PHILBRICK, all prominent, active, able and most reliable friends of uncompromising anti-slavery, have gone from amongst us—not to speak of others in remoter parts of the land; and we are fain to cry, as of old, 'Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; the faithful fail from among the children of men.'

"'Lo! fast they fall, the wise, the good,
Whose ranks are down in front;
Up, with a holy hardihood,
And meet the battle's brunt!'

"Such is our duty—to renew our devotion to this best of all causes, to 'strengthen the things which remain,' to lose not one jot of hope, or faith, or courage, and, enduring faithful to the end, do what we may to ensure and hasten the certain triumph of all Truth and Righteousness. Sincerely, your friend, SAMUEL MAY, Jr."

REV. SAMUEL J. MAY IN ENGLAND.

THE following report of an anti-slavery gathering lately held at Leeds, England, and which we copy from *The Mercury*, published in that place, will be read with interest by the friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society on this side of the Atlantic. That Society is indeed fortunate in being represented in Great Britain, even for a short time, by a friend so thoroughly acquainted with its past history and present position, and so warmly devoted to the cause for whose sake it exists.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING IN LEEDS.

The Rev. S. J. May, one of the earliest founders of the Anti-Slavery movement in America, having made a tour on the Continent of Europe, has recently visited Leeds. On Friday evening last a highly respectable company of ladies and gentlemen assembled, at the instance of the Leeds Anti-Slavery Society, at the residence of Wilson Armistead, E-q., Beech Grove, to welcome him, and to hear from him a short account of the American anti-slavery movement.

Joseph Lupton, Esq., presided, and, in introducing the Rev. gentleman, informed him that the reason some more public demonstration had not been made was because of the present time of the year being unfavorable to the numerical success of public gatherings.

The Rev. S. J. May thanked the audience for their welcome greeting and presence, and then proceeded to give some information respecting the labors of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the success which had thus far characterized those labors. He introduced the name of William Lloyd Garrison (as one of the leading members of their Society) with the deepest respect and esteem, and highly applauded his anti-slavery labors. Formerly the subject of slavery was scarcely a question that was debatable in America. Now it was the question which most occupied the attention of the Senate, their justices and the minds of the people. But they had much to contend with. The present general government is wholly opposed to anti-slavery effort; and when it is remembered that they have fifty thousand to sixty thousand officials distributed throughout the States and dependent upon their patronage, it will be immediately seen that the influence they exert must be very considerable. In Congress, too, the anti slavery party labored under great disadvantages. Representatives from the South continually retained their seats, while the North, delighting in rotation of office, were continually sending new men to Congress. This proved detrimental, as the new representatives have to contend with experienced politicians, who cause them to suffer in every attempt they make to convince the House of the errors and evils of slavery, by a species of political dodgery against which there seems to be no present help. The unity of slaveholders generally in the South is a great power in sustaining slavery, while in the North there exists no perfect unity in laboring to abolish it. Another difficulty arises from the fact that foreigners (more especially Irishmen) coming to America are generally elated on their first arrival with high inflated notions of Democracy, and unhesitatingly join the Democratic party, not knowing that it is that very party which is most assiduous in support of slavery. For this reason elections generally prove most adverse to the anti-slavery party. The Rev. gentleman then dwelt upon the religious aspect of the question, and gave his most emphatic testimony to the truth of the utterance of the Rev. Albert Barnes, when he said, "The American Churches are the bulwark of American slavery." He then concluded his practical and interesting address by asking any gentleman present to make any inquiry which might elucidate any point of interest.

Mr. J. A. Horner asked if the return of a Republican President would have any beneficial influence upon the anti-slavery movement?

In reply, it was stated that such an event would only tend to introduce very injurious compromises of principle, and illustrated the fact by reference to the last election, in which, during their endeavors by canvass to secure the return of Fremont, several unwise and very injurious compromises of principle were made. The Republican party were not yet so thoroughly imbued with anti-slavery sentiment as to be safely placed in power. But it must be understood that the American Anti-Slavery Society will be ever willing to come to a fair settlement of this question upon a true, secure and honorable basis.

Several other questions having been asked and answered,

Mr. W. Armistead moved the following resolution which was seconded by Mr. William H. Pullen: "That this meeting, consisting of the representatives of the Leeds Anti-Slavery Association and the Leeds Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society, being desirous of expressing its deep interest in the welfare of the American Anti-Slavery Society, takes this opportunity of tendering to the Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, U. S., its warmest sympathies, assuring him that the cause in which he and his indefatigable fellow-laborers are engaged is one which we highly value and appreciate. That in welcoming the Rev. S. J. May to our shores, we wish to acknowledge the long-tried and valuable services which he has rendered to the abolition cause, and we hope and trust that God, in His bountiful mercy, may long spare him and his worthy colleagues, who, amid scornful reproach and open malignity, have proved themselves the heralds of liberty for the American slave."

COLORPHOBIA IN EDUCATION.

A FRIEND from Chester Co. (Pa.), visiting at Hollidaysburg, Blair Co., and writing to us from the latter place under date Sept. 5th, says:

"Great attention is paid here to the education of youth; at least I would judge so from what I see and hear. It appears to be the all-absorbing question just at this time, the teachers for the new year having been all appointed. I also learn that there is a school-house set apart for the exclusive use of colored children, and, as I know you take a lively interest in the education and moral training of this portion of the human family, I have thought proper to make some inquiry into the manner in which it is conducted. The result of my inquiries is that here, as in the majority of other places, the interest manifested in the colored man is more for political effect than anything else, and that those who prate the loudest about the moral and political advancement of the colored man are the first to turn against him when he wants a friend. The colored school here has been presided over, for the last few years, by teachers totally incompetent, the children deriving little or no benefit from their teachers. The parents of the children, as a matter of course, were displeased at this course of things, and they appointed a committee to obtain a competent teacher. Such an one they at last succeeded in obtaining in the person of a white widow lady of good education and accomplishments; but a stumbling-block was now thrown in the way: the consent of the school directors must be obtained, and they, for reasons best known to themselves, refused to ratify the choice of the parents, but forced them to keep the obnoxious teacher above alluded to. This result was brought about by the vote of one who claims to be the especial friend of the colored man, and who is an aspirant for a high place at the hands of the friends of freedom. God save the colored man from such friends! They are wolves in sheep's clothing, and I hope that our friends will pause and think ere they place power in the hands of such men. I contend that if the colored man is ever to obtain that social position to which he is entitled, he must be educated. This is the primary movement, and he who stands in the way of his education is only forging links to enslave, instead of setting him free.

"The school here is in effect dead, as the great majority of the parents prefer to allow their children to run in the streets rather than send them to such an institution."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our columns are so crowded at present that we are constrained to decline the publication of Augustus Washington's letter from Sierra Leone, Africa, forwarded to us by our friend Benjamin Coates, of Philadelphia. There is nothing in the letter which we should be unwilling to lay before our readers; but those who would persuade the colored people of this country to emigrate to Africa have many ways of access to the popular ear, and would seem to have no legitimate claims upon our space, to the exclusion of matter better calculated, in our judgment, to promote the anti-slavery cause.

The translation from a German paper, so kindly sent us by a friend, shall have a place next week.

A. W. M.'s article is on file for an early insertion.

"Solferino," by "Ingoldsby North," next week.

POLITICAL PARTIES.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

NORTHFIELD, Vt., Sept. 25, 1859.

ALTHOUGH my last number was headed "The Republican Party of Vermont," your readers will not forget my general subject, viz., Political Parties. And my purpose is to show the futility of depending on these parties for the abolition of slavery.

It is generally admitted, by the members and friends of these parties, that Vermont is the place where they are the purest and healthiest, and there, too, the Republican party claims to be the most of an anti-slavery party of any in the land. And this is conceded by the friends of the slave generally. And Vermont boasts of being the freest from finesse and corruption, in her political organizations and action, of any member of the national confederacy. She is frequently complimented for the possession of this superior virtue, and seems to relish the compliment well. Hence her Republican party is taken by the writer as the best specimen of political parties in the country. My argument is, if even this party fails, all other political parties must fail of accomplishing the abolition of slavery. Hence the necessity of relying upon the moral agitation to consummate our great work.

Having disposed of all the other political parties in Vermont, as both inefficient and adverse to our mission, I presented in my last certain things in the Republican party in that State authorising the conclusion that, for "toning down," disclaimers and concessions to the enemy, and repudiation of Abolitionists and abolitionism, this party also must be discarded as an auxiliary in our efforts to bless the slave. Allow me here to present a few more tests of the party under notice. While this party, through all its papers and orators, eulogizes Hale and Wilson—the men who made those fatal disclaimers in behalf of the whole Republican party of the North, that it never intended to disturb, but would secure slavery to the South—it is very careful to deprecate any association with or endorsement of Abolitionists, but takes special pains to denounce them on all occasions, and even without occasion. Instance: While the member of Congress from the 1st District in Vermont, Mr. Walton, is in the constant practice of introducing his political speeches with the phrase, "I am not an Abolitionist," recently, in copying into his paper Wendell Phillips's letter to Judge Shaw and President Walker, he premises, "however much we despise the general principles of Mr. Phillips." Mr. Walton's paper is the most progressive, anti-slavery-wise, of any in the Republican party in the State. I might enlarge upon these particulars. But look at the bright side. Take the party at its word on its favorite theme—Kansas. Here, certainly, its anti-slavery is favorably tested. But is there a single ray of hope for the slave in "free Kansas"? No. Nor even for the colored freeman. All is for the white man merely. The cause of the needy is wholly ignored. I might here enlarge upon the general "toning down" of the party, and show that its platform is on the "sliding-scale" principle; that it slides down and slides off easily and rapidly; that the issues of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, of the abolition of the inter-State and coastwise trades, and the repeal of the bloody fugitive act, are quite slidden out, and that nothing remains but the ghost of the Wilmot Proviso.

But, in concluding this number, let me call attention to a monstrous inconsistency, a piece of self-stultification on the part of the Republicans, in Vermont as well as elsewhere. They generally admit that the United States Constitution, either by specific provision or the form of government it embodies, binds them to the support of slavery where it is—i. e., in the slave States. In other words, by taking an oath to support the Constitution, they are bound not to interfere with slavery in the Southern States, but to maintain the Union with them on the ground that slavery there shall be upheld by the power of the nation as a unit. Thus the North makes oath to continue slavery with its adjuncts. And yet the men who admit and claim this never cease to curse Mr. Garrison and his coadjutors for wishing to dissolve this Union, and so break the oath! But how is this? What are the ethics these Republicans profess and teach in relation to all other matters? Do not their pulpits and presses maintain that an oath or engagement to do a wrong, to commit a crime, is not binding?—that the obligation is to break, not keep, such a contract? A man has entered into a solemn contract to commit murder, robbery or theft. Where is the obligation? Will a court justify or palliate the crime because he had bound himself to commit it? Just the contrary. The man is bound to violate his contract in all such cases. And every pulpit in the land hurls its thunders at Herod for having kept his contract in the decapitation of John the Baptist. This is a settled axiom among men, "A bad promise is better broken than kept." Here are a set of men who have made a contract to aid in or uphold the daily and constant perpetration of the "sum of all villanies," the greatest crime, or rather collection of crimes (save war), embraced in any system of iniquity which the earth bears up. Are they bound to fulfil or break this contract? Strange to say, Mr. Garrison and his friends are the only men who recognize the true Christian ethics in practice and teach that this contract should be broken, that "the covenant with death and agreement with hell" ought to be annulled. And most of the Republicans, with all the Democrats, persist in keeping the contract to commit the stupendous crimes they have made oath to continue the perpetration of, without limit of time or mitigation of cruelty! And why do these men subvert their moral system in relation to slavery, while in relation to everything else they adhere to it with the utmost tenacity and rigor? Can a party of such men ever be expected to overthrow oppression?

HARRINGTON.

REFORM MEETINGS IN PETERBORO'.

PETERBORO', Sept. 23, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON Sunday last, Rev. Antoinette Brown Blackwell preached in the Free Church in this place to a crowded audience. It is scarcely necessary to say that she was heard with profound attention. The discourse was a well-digested argument in favor of bringing everything belonging to the religious and moral world to the test of *reason*, and urged the highest cultivation of the reasoning powers. It was a powerful production and has left its mark upon our people.

On Tuesday afternoon and evening, Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Blackwell addressed the people upon the subject of "Woman's Rights." The weather being stormy, the attendance was quite small, but still the addresses were heard with great pleasure and will be long remembered. They were listened to by some of the most conservative people here, and will be productive of much good.

The addresses on this subject were very able. There seemed to be no point in the great subject which was not fully met and thoroughly discussed. What pleased us much was the sweet womanly dignity which pervaded everything said by them. It is this which commands for these ladies the universal respect of those who hear them, and wins thousands to the cause who, by any other course, would be disposed to reject it.

The ladies while here were the welcome guests of Hon. Gerrit Smith, and we hope enjoyed their visit to our village. Yours, G. W. P.

VERMONT ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE report of the proceedings of this Convention in *The Liberator* of last week is substantially correct so far as it goes. But it omits a very important resolution passed and a course of action contemplated by the Convention, which I here supply.

"Resolved, That every true Anti-Slavery American is imperatively bound to labor, 'with might and main,' for the total and immediate abolition of American slavery, either through the instrumentality or over the ruins of the United States Constitution."

This resolution indicates a purpose by both Garrisonians and Gerrit Smith men in Vermont to keep up the "*moral agitation*" against slavery with as little conflict and disharmony as possible. The Gerrit Smith men cannot see their way clear to vote with the Republicans, nor can they maintain an independent organization, at present, to any good purpose in the State. Some scatter their votes, others do not vote at all. But they wish to be working for the abolition of slavery. So they cooperate with the Garrisonians to this end. I am happy to say, that this feeling and purpose in the Convention at West Randolph seemed to be mutual. We do not wish to mince matters. You work in your way, I in mine; at any rate, all work to the great end.

A MEMBER OF THE CONVENTION.

WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY.—We invite attention to the advertisement of this work, which we copy in another column, from a friendly interest in the enterprise of the publishers, who, we trust, will not fail of the fulfilment of the expectations which their prospectus is calculated to excite.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent's embarassment of riches—His superfluity of straw and clay—He is heroic and describeth the Concord Muster—He dilateth on the dust and trembleth at the mutiny of Perley Poore—He calculateth the game of the Governor—He subsideth to civil life and narrateth the Inauguration of the Webster Statue—Especially, the behavior of

the operation. But we shall see whether it will have any practical effect on their conduct. I am afraid not.

You must have noticed the way in which all the orators of the Inauguration slid over the last years of Mr. Webster's life. The Plymouth Speech was the central idea on which they endeavored to fix the minds of their hearers. And there is a sort of Republicans who attempt to cover the thing up by saying that this statue is erected to the Webster of 1820 and not of 1850! I trust these wire dividers of a hair 'twixt north and north-east side will extend the mantle of their charity a little farther. Why not have a statue to General Arnold at New Haven—not to the traitor of 1780, but to the soldier of 1777—not the Arnold of Westpoint, but of Quebec and Saratoga! But such stuff is mere fiapdoddle, "the stuff they feed fools on." Ever since that disappointment, there has been a regular engagement between the Clerk of the Weather and the admirers of Mr. Everett. They, thinking it pity that he should be disappointed of the opportunity provided to display his rhetoric, induced the General Court to invite him to repeat his Oration from the rostrum originally prepared for him. And ever since, the weather couldn't have behaved worse if it had been under the direction of a Garrisonian Abolitionist. The general feeling has been that fine weather was unpopular as long as those seats remained in the State House yard. I saw by this morning's paper that an order had been passed for removing a portion of them, which obstruct the entrance to the building. Perhaps this is accepted as a compromise, for it is now fine weather and looks as if the Rehearsal *after* the Play may come off to-morrow. It can but throw a new ridicule over the whole affair. Everybody, out of the innermost courts of Webster-Whiggery, is laughing at it. Some of the material intended for this letter will keep until the next. D. Y.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....No. XIV.

September 12th, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: Allow me, in the first place, to ask you to correct a mistake caused by a slip of either my pen or your press, in the part of my eleventh letter which relates to Mr. Howland's remarks. I kept a copy of that particular paragraph; and I can therefore answer for what I meant to say, and believe I did say. Instead of "To us, the strongest doubt is about the progress of the cause," it should have been, "To us, there is no manner of doubt as to the progress of the cause," &c. Without hesitation, I ask you to set this right, because I must not be the means of misrepresenting the views of the friends of the cause in this country. As far as I know, we all agree here as to the change in the tone of the general run of Americans, within a few years, in regard to slavery. It is abundantly mournful to see that they have not put an end to it, and that they seem to leave it to other people to do so; but still, their tone shows that they are aware of the disgrace, and conscious of being in the midst of a struggle which must have an end, and can end only in one way. Occasionally, too, we perceive, even in common-place people, signs of a genuine respect, almost an enthusiasm, for the Abolitionists, which it was in vain to look for a few years since. Taking what we see and hear, in connection with what we read in your newspapers, we certainly cannot entertain any doubt about the progress of the cause. The movements of the Church and political parties, and public sentiment generally, compared with the private conversation of Americans here, satisfy us entirely that your whole nation is thinking on the same subject, and cannot forget it till it is settled; and this is surely a very advanced state of progress. I wish I could see that the English were advancing with equal certainty, so as to be worthy to afford you a sustaining sympathy, whenever the critical last stage is reached. There are some, and I trust not a few, who to their faith add knowledge of your particular case; but there are still too many who show their ignorance and conceit through the press (and especially in *The Times* newspaper), in the form of advice to you to let the subject drop, or of pity for the hopelessness of elevating the negro, and especially in lectures to Abolitionists on the duty of either being silent or undertaking the safe emancipation of the negroes by some method for which they are to find the money, and the wisdom and the management. *The Times* is of opinion that you have no right to write about Uncle Toms and Dreds till you can teach and help the slaveholders to prepare the negroes for freedom, and then give it them. This sort of thing continually reminds me of the applications made to Dr. Channing, when I was in Boston, to advise the Southerners how to abolish slavery. He was known not to be a very practical man; and no doubt the hope was to make him propose absurd and impracticable schemes. But all this is trite to you. I only mean to say that *that* is the stage now reached by many of our "clever men," who are too young to be aware of the dodges of West Indian slavery, and not wise enough to see that they have only to sympathize actively with the foes of slavery, and are by no means called on to prescribe their duties and their course.

I think you must have been rather amused, during the last few weeks, at the complaints of certain citizens of London about their condition being "worse than the lot of the American slave," "worse than being Russian serfs"; viz., our journeymen-builders, who can earn thirty, forty, fifty, or sixty shillings a week by 58½ hours' labor of a popular and agreeable kind. We really are ashamed this time of our great strike. I need not explain why a great strike is always to be regretted; but I must now moreover admit that the slavishness of twenty thousand men under the rule of ignorant and unscrupulous leaders is a cause for shame and humiliation to the whole of any society in which it happens. In almost every other—perhaps in every other—great strike of the many I have had occasion to watch, there was something to be said for both sides; but here there is no doubt among rational persons who know the facts that the employers are entirely harmless, the "turnouts" completely wrong. For some years there has been an occasional stir about working nine hours instead of ten, in the Building trades. The employers do not see the need of it, in regard to an occupation which is as healthy and agreeable as agricultural labor, and which is largely dependent on the seasons. The long days and fine summer weather must be taken advantage of for building; and it seem no hardship for the men to work ten hours for good pay in favorable seasons, in order to lay by money for the dark wet days of winter; but the case is not like that of the factory, where the machinery makes the question of hours all-important to employers. Any man may work as many or as few hours per day as he chooses, in the building trades, if he can find an employer who is willing; but then, of course, he must have pay in proportion to his work. These nine-hour agitators propose to control their fellow-workmen as to their working hours, on the one hand, and the employers as to wages on the other. They insist that none shall work more than nine hours, and demand ten hours' wages for nine hours' work; openly declaring their object to be to compel the masters (who were bound by contracts in regard to time) to take on the inferior workmen, by whom the popular business is overstocked, and who, from their inferiority, stand idle, or are only half employed. The time was chosen when the season was finest, when the great works, the bridges, the main drainage of London, the churches, the courts of law and parliament, great men's mansions and the new streets of humble dwellings were all in full action—swarming with laborers, bound in honor to enable their employers, bound by contract, to finish their work by a certain day. Two or three agitators got up the commotion, and compelled the workmen of a particular firm, that of Messrs. Trollope, to strike, avowing their intention to take one firm at a time till all were compelled to pay ten hours' wages for nine hours' work, and take on some of the unemployed, to make up the difference. The employers really had no choice; yet their decision greatly astonished the men. Being thus informed that they would be in fact supporting the strike by every shilling of wages they paid, they all stopped work, declaring their intention of resuming whenever Messrs. Trollope's yards were open, and not before. Every consideration has been shown in enlarging contracts; and the employers have thus been enabled to hold their ground since they stopped work on the 6th of August. As Messrs. Trollope have now obtained workmen enough to resume business, the other masters are opening their yards again to-day, to workmen who will declare that they are free from all dictation in the disposal of their labor, and mean to remain so. It is this declaration which, according to the agitators, reduces the workmen below the condition of the American slave! And it is the glibness with which the leaders tell falsehoods, after repeated disproof, and the readiness with which their victims are carried away, that makes us all so ashamed of the whole affair. The terms of the declaration have probably found their way into your newspapers. If so, you will have seen that they interdict nothing but interference between the buyer and seller of labor; yet the strike orators are telling large audiences, all over the country, that the men are forbidden to join in Benefit Clubs, &c. The employers have throughout declared their approbation, respect and sympathy for all combination which is of the nature of insurance, and indeed for all which does not control the individual liberty of men in the purchase and sale of labor. The real mischief is in the mixing up of the widely different objects of insurance and the regulation of the labor market. The workman who subscribes to a Union to obtain aid in sickness or misfortune, a pension ultimately and burial, now sees his money wasted in supporting a strike which he probably disapproves. He dares not dissent, because he is told the case is one of victory or ruin, and to stop would be ruin. Thus are thousands of rational men silenced, paralyzed and beggared by a very few unscrupulous leaders, who insult their understandings and their consciences by the fallacies and the calumnious falsehoods they utter. It is a dreary spectacle. A multitude of other trades are mulcted of large sums to support this hopeless struggle, for which they certainly never intended to pay. An Anti-Strike Association has risen up, which expresses the views of workmen not engaged in Trades' Unions; and they will probably help to fill the yards, and prevent the loss of the remainder of the building season. We shall soon see. Meantime, all means are unscrupulously used to make the poor men and their wives believe that the Declaration is meant to bind them to some sort of bondage, under penalty of imprisonment and what not; and there is the usual reason to apprehend intimidation of a more direct kind on any attempt being made to resume work. It has been a melancholy sight in London—the great edifices deserted, or scaffoldings with two or three men working in place of as many hundreds; while in the Parks are the poor fellows idling about, sitting down beside gentlemen to ask questions about getting to Australia. It will be worse in the winter. The leaders have alternated between grand promises of success and recommendations to besiege the parish funds, and appropriate the work-houses; but the rate-payers observe that their legal charity is not intended for the use of persons who might earn higher wages than many of themselves, and that it shall not be so abused. Out of this some painful questions may but too probably arise. As for the movement, it is too irrational to be likely to succeed, under any circumstances. The end of the strike will probably be the ordinary one: that workmen will be brought from the country or the continent to supply vacancies, and will remain to depress wages permanently. Let us hope that the workmen will have spirit and sense to make their choice between Benefit Societies and a subscription for the support of strikes, which is about equivalent to throwing hard-earned money into the sea. Thousands of families have received about four shillings each in as many weeks from the strike funds; whereas they would, if at work, have received £5 or £7, or more; and they have still to discover that the relief for sickness and old age is lost, the money gone in attempting to ruin the masters. I see that some have been declaring exultingly that the employers' capital would not outlast a certain date—as if that was victory! There is no desire on any hand to return to laws against combinations. The peril to liberty is not in that direction, but from the coercion of the laborers by their fellow-workmen. The anxiety in Northern Italy and Germany about this strike is very great. The liberals there say that if England should be disgraced by the victory of mob-ignorance and rapacity over intelligence and the natural economic laws, all is over for liberty on the continent. They need not fear; but the suffering is and will be severe.

Continental affairs appear more complicated and dark and fearful than ever. The conduct of Northern Italy is the only bright part of the whole outlook. We suppose the French Emperor to be perplexed and annoyed. If not, he is planning some tremendous new *coup*. He is wooing all parties—the exiles, the army, the merchants—while keeping his army within call, and extending his navy with all possible speed. The new declaration, the last, in *The Moniteur*, is dreary beyond everything—that the return of the Italian despots was the main point of the Villafranca treaty; and that, if the despots do not return, Venetia must be doomed at the pleasure of Austria. Some people believe that the French Emperor had no choice but to make peace, from the state of his army, and of opinion at home; that he now finds the nation so bent on peace as to need compliance or humoring; that he now finds the terms of peace impracticable; and that he is adrift in his counsels, except that he will not relinquish his hold upon Italy. If he and the Austrian Emperor meet, as is expected, he may be the cleverer of the two; but Austrian obstinacy is a match for a good deal of ability; and in no direction can good be hoped for from such a tête-à-tête. Other nations, meantime, pursue their policy of defence. We are not relaxing, but urging forward our preparations against any sort of attack. We have no faith in smooth professions of amity; and the occurrence of some insult or menace, every few weeks, keeps our vigilance alive. We must not quarrel with the necessary cost and labors. We are highly prosperous, and singularly content, satisfied and happy as a nation; and we ought not to make a difficulty of providing for the continuance our privileges. On the whole, we believe that there must soon be war. I mean that the war of Opinion which all the world feels to be inevitable is near at hand, though nobody seems to desire it. Yours, &c., H. M.

PERSONAL.

Horace Greeley returned from California, in the steamer Moses Taylor, on Tuesday morning last.

Frederick Law Olmstead, Esq., author of "The Seaboard Slave States" and Architect-in-Chief of the Central Park in this city, has been obliged by the state of his health, which has been broken down by excessive labor, to take a voyage to Europe. He left on Wednesday in the Persia.

Letters from Florence, says the Boston *Transcript*, state that Elizabeth Barrett Browning has passed most of the summer at Siena, in Tuscany—seeing no visitors, and most of the time unable to walk, except across the room; the change of air and entire rest have begun to yield good fruit; she has gained strength, and her worst symptoms have abated.

The Provisional Government of Bologna have liberated Madame Jessie White Mario with her husband, on the interposition of Messrs. Brofferio and Garibaldi, who are said to have urged the plea that the prisoners were harmless enthusiasts, and, in fact, partially insane. The friends of Madame Mario, however, deny that she was liberated on these grounds.

The remains of Leigh Hunt have been interred in the family grave at Kensal Green Cemetery. The funeral was a strictly private one. The mourners were Mr. Thornton Hunt, Mr. Henry Hunt, and their sons; Mr. Cheltenham, son-in-law of the deceased, and the physician to the family. The coffin bore this inscription: "James Henry Leigh Hunt, died August 28, 1859, aged 75."

There is in the city of Providence (says *The Tribune*) a colored lady who is known by the name of Ganison. She is verging on fifty years of age. This woman was formerly not a woman, but merely a chattel—the slave of a planter in the South. She made her escape from bondage, and her value in dollars and cents was conspicuously set forth in the advertisements proclaiming a reward for her recovery. Obscure and unaided, she has, within the term of a few years, been chiefly instrumental in the escape of fifty male and female chattels, and she has not finished her labors.

FROM HAYTI.—General Guerrier Prophete, one of the counsellors of President Geffrard, having been detected in a conspiracy to overthrow the Republic, was immediately banished from the Island. We learn that he has arrived in this city. President Geffrard's daughter, while sitting in a chair in the palace, was shot by some unknown scoundrel from the outside. The Port-au-Prince *Revue de Commerce* says:

"This frightful crime was executed by this infernal combination of conspirators. In assassinating the daughter they thought that the distracted father would have hastened to the bloody scene, and they had ambuscades arranged on the way from which they would fire at the President as he hurried by, and then the villains would have full power to seize the capital and ensanguine the whole country. But, happily, there were with the President in the palace friends who would not permit him to leave. His Excellency yielded only to the call of his endangered country. His patriotism made him compromise with even his parental agony!"

The President immediately issued a proclamation, appealing to the people to stand by him in this terrible crisis and to aid in putting down the conspirators.

A council of the Secretaries of State and other officials also addressed a proclamation to the Haytians, in which they stigmatize the late crime as a "blot upon the beautiful revolution of 1858," and urge the people to unite in support of the government, and to console with their sympathies the bereaved father and family who have suffered so severely in the assassination of their cherished relative.

A spirited poem, written by M. Lemoing, and relating to the murder of Cora Geffrard, is circulated in Hayti and published in the newspapers. The heartiest sympathy is expressed for the President, and the liveliest indignation is felt against the conspirators.

TWENTY-FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THE Committee of Management of this well-known Fair, in making their annual announcement, have, this year, to advertise a new arrangement which they have made for the promotion of that great cause in aid of which their Bazaar has been annually held for nearly a quarter of a century. It is that our next Bazaar is to be National in its character, and not, as heretofore, a Pennsylvania institution alone.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, which has been held, in the City of Boston, during many years, and has been so widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic, having given place to another method of obtaining funds for our cause, it has been judged a wise measure that the Pennsylvania Fair should be now made National in its character. As our whole enterprise, in all its departments, is truly one, and best known, both at home and abroad, by the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its affiliations, it is sufficient to announce that one-half of the profits of our Fair will be put into the treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the other half, under the direction of its auxiliaries, will be used for the promotion of our cause, in Pennsylvania.

It can scarcely be necessary even to advert to the character of the means by which our enterprise is conducted, so well are they known, both at home and abroad. It is sufficient to say that in the weapons with which we commenced this conflict, and which have, in all ages, proved "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" of evil, we confidently trust for complete victory. Still less is it needful that, in such an announcement as this, we should enter on an exposition of our well-known principles. We call upon all who love and value those principles to aid us in their dissemination.

To the friends of our cause in Europe, whose generous gifts have for many years been made to the Boston Bazaar, we say, let your contributions of money be devoted to our cause, through the medium of the Boston Anti-Slavery Festival, which has taken the place of that Bazaar; and permit us, if you please, to be the recipients of your other gifts which have been annually sent in various forms of articles of merchandise, to our coadjutors in Massachusetts. These products of your industry and taste and skill, these contributions from the shops and warehouses of your artisans and manufacturers, we can transmute to money, which money we shall receive as a sacred trust from you, to be appropriated, with our utmost fidelity and wisdom, to the abolition of American slavery.

To our friends and coadjutors at home, whose willing hearts and active hands have ever been quick to aid us in this department of our labor, we need to make but one suggestion. We merely remind them that as our Fair is, this year, to have a broader basis, and to extend its operations, it will require of us all somewhat larger gifts than heretofore, of labor, time, or money, according to our ability.

Our BAZAAR will be opened in CONCERT HALL, in the City of Philadelphia, on Monday, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th day of December, 1859. Contributions of money or of articles of merchandise will be gratefully received, and may be sent, at any time, to the Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, or to any member of the Committee. We trust that our friends, in the city and country, will be prompt in assuring us of their hearty and active co-operation.

The present aspects of our cause are full of encouragement; abounding proofs that our past labors have not been in vain bid us be of good cheer, while the magnitude of the work before us urges us onward to new toils and greater victories.

SARAH PUGH,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ANNA M. CHILD,	EVELINA SUPPLEE,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	EMMA PARKER,
REBECCA S. HART,	MARTHA KIMBER,
MARY GREW,	CLEMENTINE G. JOHN,
SARAH PIERCE,	SARAH KENDERDINE,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
ABBY KIMBER,	ELIZABETH GAY,
RACHEL WILSON,	LYDIA GILLINGHAM,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH C. HALLOWELL,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	MARGARET A. GRISCOM,
ANNIE SHOEMAKER,	GULIELMA M. JONES,
ELLEN M. CHILD,	SARAH K GILLINGHAM,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	AGNES CRAIN,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	HARRIET D. PURVIS,
LYDIA WHITE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,	SUSAN W. SHAW,
ROSANNA THOMPSON,	ELIZABETH CLENDENNON,
HANNAH L. STICKNEY,	MARIA CONKLIN,
MARY SHAW,	SARAH S. CHILD.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, October, 1859.—Receiving this number only a short time before going to press, we can only give the table of contents, as follows:

Daily Beauty.
The Artist-Prisoner.
The Minister's Wooing.
Old Papers.
R fled Guns.
A Trip to Cuba.
Blondel.
The Woodersmith.
Roba di Roma.
La Malanotte.
The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.
Reviews and Literary Notices.
Odituary.
Recent American Publications.

The "Odituary" page records, in fit language, the death of Mr. M. D. Phillips, the projector and founder of *The Atlantic*, to whose clearness of judgment and strength and tenacity of purpose its success is largely due. We regret to learn that the firm of which he was the head has (in consequence, probably, of his sudden decease) been obliged to make an assignment; but we trust this misfortune will neither break nor mar a magazine which, in some respects, is acknowledged to be at the head of American periodicals.

BLACKWOOD for September has been issued by Leonard Scott & Co. Its contents are as follows:

Horse-dealing in Syira, 1854.
Felicita—Conclusion.
Voluntary and Involuntary Actions.
The Luck of Ladysmede—Part VI.
Fleets and Navies—England—Part II.
Journal of a Cruise on the Tanganyika Lake, Central Africa.
A Dream of the Dead.
The Election—Who Does the Bribery.
Jersey to the Queen.
Foreign Affairs—The Disarmament.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—A friend of the cause, with whom we have no personal acquaintance, having occasion to write us lately, made this remark: "I do not agree with you in all things. I am as rigidly *Orthodox* as I am afraid you are the contrary; but I give you my hand nevertheless, for I am one of those who believe, with an old writer, that in a great cause 'God will sooner pardon the errors of our zeal than the coldness of our indifference.'"

Summary.

An Illinois editor says his party (the Democratic) is on the verge of a precipice, but calls upon it to march "*steadily ahead.*" Good! we second the motion.

A BLACK REPUBLICAN IN THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.—Hon. Alfred Caldwell, a Virginia State Senator from the Wheeling district, is a member of the National Republican Committee, whose headquarters is in Washington city.

The *Trenton State Gazette* says that Gen. Wright, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, at a "row" on his own grounds last week, "received a blackened eye, which keeps him within doors for the present."

PRIZE TO A SEWING MACHINE.—After a trial with over thirty competitors, the United States Fair at Chicago, on the 19th, gave the first premium, one hundred dollars and a silver pitcher, to Wheeler's sewing machine.

DANIEL CADY.—The *Albany Statesman* says: Hon. Daniel Cady is fast failing—his lamp of life, almost burned out, flickers faintly in the socket. His most sanguine friends have no hope that he will live more than a few days.

The citizens of Christ Church parish, near Charleston, S. C., have voted to have a grand slave-trade barbecue at that place on the 20th of October, at which all the prominent advocates of the re-opening in the State will be invited to attend. Slave trade barbecue at Christ Church!

There are ten anti-slavery papers now printed in the slave states (in English) besides eight in German. Of these, nine, or one-half, are published in Missouri, three in Virginia, two in Kentucky, two at Washington, D. C., one in Maryland, and one in Baltimore.

Sylvanus B. Lowry, the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Minnesota, is the man who headed the mob which destroyed the press of Mrs. Swisshelm, at St. Cloud, a year since. The spirited lady has of course undertaken to defeat him, and will do it, whatever becomes of the rest of the ticket.

The *Atlantic Monthly* is now a thoroughly established magazine and has reached a circulation of 34 000 copies, yielding its publishers an income of $10 000 or $12 000 a year. It could not therefore have contributed to the failure of the publishers. The liberties taken with theology by the Autocrat have lost it many patrons, but have probably added many more.

A RETORT DIRECT.—A clergyman from a neighboring town and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured he was not much hurt, said to him: "Friend, sinners stand on slippery places." The old gentleman looked up, as if to assure himself of the fact, and said, "I see they do; but I can't."—*Providence Post.*

Some of the San Francisco papers have published portraits of Mr. Greeley. They seem to have taken for this purpose such wood cuts as they had on hand, and instead of adapting the portrait to the original, they content themselves with adapting the description to the portrait. It was found necessary in one case to make him a "stout, burly, dark-complexioned man, with black hair and a good deal of black whisker."

An "Irrepressible Conflict" Club has been started in Utica, suggested by the barping of Erastus Brooks & Co. upon the language of Senator Seward as to the "irrepressible conflict" existing between Slavery and Freedom. The members are pledged to maintain an untiring and ceaseless vigilance in opposing the designs of the Slave Power and its allies, the Sham Democracy and the Sham Americans.

In the town of Pekin, Niagara County, reside Samuel Roberts, his wife Salina, and four daughters. They occupy a farm of a hundred acres, the work of which, such as ploughing, logging, planting, hoeing, taking care of teams, etc., has during the last year, been performed by the mother and daughters. The eldest daughter, aged 18, ploughed 20 acres, and one of the younger sisters dragged in the grain.

Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, of Boston, has preached in sixteen Universalist churches in Maine this summer. The *Gospel Banner* thus speaks of her appearance in Augusta last Sunday: "Her manner was reverential and pleasing. Her discourse was characterized by earnestness and deep religious feeling, and an instinctive appreciation of her subject, and was listened to with much satisfaction by an attentive audience."

The Quakers of North Carolina are said to have voted at the last election, giving a gain of two opposition members of Congress, and all on the strength of Mr. Gilmer's anti-Lecompton votes in the last House. Mr. Gilmer himself is said to owe his own increased majority to this fact, one Quaker town in Guilford County (which gave him 1,600 majority, by the way) rolling up 164 majority against 1 majority the other way two years ago, when he had just participated in a meeting which banished two abolition Quakers.

COLORED EMIGRATION TO JAMAICA.—A movement is on foot, in the western part of Canada, having for its object the emigration of colored persons to Jamaica. Nearly a week ago about fifty had resolved to go. They are to be provided with free passages; and the Government of Jamaica guarantees them employment or to provide for their subsistence till employment can be found. The advantages of this offer to those colored persons who desire to go to a climate less rigorous than this, and more suited to their constitutions, are clear and decided; and it can hardly be that many will not avail of them.

A Camp Floyd correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* says that polygamy stalks abroad in all its horrid forms, in the presence of Judges of the United States Courts and the army. The young women of the Territory are daily being married to grey-headed old men, that have already six, ten and twelve wives each, and a score or two of children. Your correspondent, a short time since, dined with a Mormon family in the vicinity of Springville, where there were seventeen children under the age of four years. The family consisted of ten wives; three of the number were sisters and the nieces of the husband; a fourth niece, only thirteen years of age, openly boasted that she shortly was going to marry the same old blue-beard.

Practical proof that Kansas is a slave State is offered in the following advertisement, taken from a Lecompton paper:

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.—I will pay the above reward to any person who will return to me, or lodge safely in jail, giving me notice thereof, a NEGRO WOMAN AND FIVE CHILDREN! The woman is black, heavy set, weighing about 160 pounds, and has a black spot between the eyebrows. The children are as follows: Lewis, a boy about nine years old, a mulatto; Linus and Cyrus, both black and younger; Ellen and Ann—one of them, Ellen, about two years old, the other about five months old—both mulattos. E. D. ROBERTS, M. D.

Lecompton, Sept. 2.

THE INDIAN MISSIONS.—It is reported that the Prudential Committee of the American Board will recommend, at the approaching annual meeting, a discontinuance of their missions among the Choctaws and Cherokee Indians, entire or partial, and countenance the assumption of these missions by the Old School Presbyterians or otherwise. The voice of the Christian community is now so much opposed to a longer continuance of the Board's complicity with American slavery in any form that we doubt not it is thought desirable, by some of the leading men of the Board, to act in compliance with this public sentiment.—*American Missionary.*

A CALF AMONG SOME COLLEGE FRESHMEN.—The Schenectady *Star* has the following collegiate *tit bit:*

The Sophomores at Union College, on Sunday morning, brought a calf into chapel, and, putting boots upon its feet, placed it in the Freshmen's seats. Considerable excitement was occasioned in consequence; the Sophomores insisting that the calf, by its mental attainments and accomplished manners, was entitled to a seat among its equals, and the Freshmen contending that neither the Sophomores, their companions or superiors had a right to infringe upon their seats. A third party, no way interested in either class, interfered, and prevailed upon the calf to retire until his proper rank should be definitely ascertained.

FUGITIVE SLAVES IN CUBA.—A person named Don Miguel Caro, having, at the head of a party, succeeded in arresting several runaway negroes, who wished to form a settlement near Bayamo, it is intended by certain planters in that vicinity to present Senor Caro with a horse and sword. During the encounter with the negroes, a young man named Don Gabriel Garié killed the ringleader of the gang, who was named Reiter. It may not be mal-apropos here to inform your readers that there are several of these runaway negro settlements in the mountainous districts of this island, in localities where probably the foot of the white man has never trod, and where they dwell in barbarous independence, cultivating, after a rude fashion, the ground provisions (yams, &c.) which need so little labor to produce abundant crops; whilst they steal pigs and poultry (sometimes a beef) from the nearest estates. *Cuba Cor. Herald.*

EMANCIPATION IN MISSOURI.—The *St. Louis Christian Advocate*, remarking upon the large immigration which is flowing in upon Missouri, and the development of resources, construction of railroads, establishment of seminaries and colleges, and erection of churches, that will follow the movement, says:

"Under such an impulse as this, it does not require a prophet's eye to foresee the destiny of slavery. There is not an element of its being that can long subsist under the presence of these combined forces. Our wisest statesmen, our shrewdest business men, our educators and journalists, our philanthropists and Christians, all alike promise the approaching downfall and dissolution of the institution, and all alike unite in hailing the dawn of that glorious day.

SHREWD.—An insurance agent in this city tells the following in illustration of the verdancy of a gentleman in Pike County, Indiana, with whom he had effected a policy of insurance:

"In the list of printed questions in the company's blanks there is one like this: 'Ashes—how kept?' The Pike County gentleman was burned out, and, after the fire, discovered this question in his policy, and, resolving to make a sure thing of his premium, wrote our informant something in this wise: 'Dear Sir: I was burned out on the — day of —, and, according to your laws, I have kept the ashes. They are in barrels; what shall I do with them?'"—*Peoria Union.*

MRS. GAGE'S LECTURE ON CUBA.—On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, lectured, at Horticultural Hall, on Cuba, to which Island she has recently made a tour of observation. She gave a very graphic description of the beauties of the Island, of its natural productions, its advantages; the manners, customs and social habits of the people, and a great many things which we are not accustomed to hear or read about. She stated, among other facts, that the slaveholders of the Island generally feared that slavery would be abolished by an edict from the home government, and, to *prevent emancipation*, were anxious for annexation to the United States! Of the truth of this statement well-informed men in this country have no doubt. "Aunt Fanny" is evidently no filibuster, since her trip to Cuba.—*West Chester (Pa.) Times, 17th.*

Senator Iverson, of Georgia, thus expresses himself with regard to the free laborers of the North, the mud-sills of society, as Senator Hammond eloquently calls them:

"The proud and enviable condition of the poor white man in the South, compared to the degraded white slave of the North, is owing to the existence of African slavery in the South. If the question of emancipating the negroes were to day submitted to the people of Georgia, nine out of ten of her own no slaves would vote in the negative. Slavery must be maintained—in the Union if possible—out of it if necessary—peaceably if we may—forcibly if we must. He was once an advocate of Squatter Sovereignty, but had repented of and recanted the error. Subsequent investigation had convinced him that the true theory in relation to the Territorial Government of the Union is that it is both the power and duty of Congress to pass laws for the protection of slavery wherever it exists, or may exist, upon the soil."

The *Charleston Mercury* publishes the following letter from a Southerner in Kansas, remarking that it points in the right direction:

PAOLA, K. T., Aug. 15, 1859.

I take the liberty of writing you a few lines on a subject of interest to the South. It is pretty well conceded that Kansas will be a Free Soil, Black Republican State beyond question. The South has not done anything since '56, except to allow our Constitution to be rejected. We have about 2,700 Southern men in Kansas still, and they intend emigrating South as soon as Kansas is admitted into the Union. We are connected with a Southern organization, and, including all, we have about 17 000 men. The next theatre for action *will be the Indian territory south of Kansas*, including Cherokee, Creek and Choctaw nations. The South should prepare for this in time, and stand by her territorial rights. They are of the last importance to our colonization. The Abolitionists are the most constant and incessant workers I ever knew belonging to any party. The Danite order is large and well drilled in abolition tactics.

EXTREMES MEET.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Christian Observer*, at Saratoga Springs, writes:

"Last Sabbath, Dr. Bullock, from Kentucky, a slaveholder, occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian church in the afternoon, and Dr. Cheever, the great anti-slavery champion, of New York, in the evening. So extremes meet. I am told, however, that Dr. Bullock tells his slaves—some twenty in number—that they may go away from him at any time they choose, and he will not pursue them; that there are among his slaves two clergymen, one of them in the receipt of a salary of $600, and preaching to one of the largest congregations in the State; that these ministers have their salaries themselves; and I inferred that all the slaves of the good doctor were treated in the same liberal manner. I hope so, at least; thus giving to his servants that which is just and equal. Would that all slaveholders would do the same."

MISTAKEN VERDICT BY SLAVE-OWNERS.—We mentioned yesterday that a slave of Mr. Turnipseed had been convicted of "manslaughter" for the killing of another boy, and that he had been sentenced to be whipped, branded and banished from the State. It has been brought to our notice by a legal friend that the sentence is in direct violation of an act of 1838, 6 Statutes 489, which abolishes entirely, in the case of free white persons, the punishment of branding, and in lieu thereof substitutes a punishment by fine and imprisonment.

The same act says "that on the conviction of a slave for any offence not capital, the punishment shall be by whipping, confinement in stocks or tread-mill, and not otherwise." The attention of the magistrate and jury is called to this statute, as our friend suggests that by their sentence they have repealed an act of legislation, without the permission of that body or of the codifier of their laws.—*Columbia (S. C.) Guardian, September 17.*

Gov. Banks very cordially endorsed Father Giddings at Burlington, Vt., last week. Being called out by the lyceum audience to whom Mr. Giddings had just given his lecture of Congressional Reminiscences, Gov. B. said:

"The people of Ohio have committed a fault in not returning Mr. Giddings. I rose to say that the reputation which has been given of Joshua R. Giddings is a wrong one. He has been called a radical, but no man has been more reasonable, sound and cool than this same gentleman, who has been trumpeted throughout the country as a fanatic. It is impossible for me to represent how much strength such a man may have in the country. When great questions come before Congress, they come up and are decided in an instant; there is not time to make up an opinion. Then these men of long experience, and cool judgment, gather others around them and lead to victory. When victory is won, it is not all; you want a man whose name carries with it the idea that the measure is wise, humane and good. Such a man was the gentleman before you. Therefore, as I had occasion to say a short time since, in Massachusetts, it is a wrong to take such men from Congress, and I trust her people will improve by this lesson and hold on to good Representatives."

HYANNIS KIDNAPPING CASE.—The Boston correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says:

"The Hyannis kidnapping case has been postponed till Nov. 15, when it will be tried at Barnstable. Indictments have been found against Crowell and Orlando, the captain and mate of the vessel in which the fugitive Jones escaped, and against John W. Baker, a Boston merchant, who is the principal owner. Bacon, the captain of the vessel which carried Jones back to Pensacola, has "turned State's evidence." He was bribed in the sum of $500 to carry Jones back, and his evidence as to the bargain will probably dispose of the objection which the defence greatly rely upon, that the crime was not committed within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth Poor Bacon has fared very hardly. By going out of his way to serve the doughface owners of the vessel in which Jones escaped, he forfeited his freight money, and has lost the expected profits of the voyage; and I understand he has not yet received a dollar of the bribe by which he was bought into slavery's service. Mr. John W. Baker will do a wise thing if he sends an agent with fifteen hundred dollars to Pensacola, and purchases Jones before the trial comes on."

ALISON VS. MACAULAY.—The three articles on Macaulay, recently published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, are spoken of by some of the newspapers as having been written by Alison. We (*Evening Post*) do not know on what authority such a statement is made. If it is founded on direct and creditable testimony, we have no alternative but to accept it. The internal evidence, however, is very strong against the truth of the rumor. If Alison wrote the articles in *Blackwood*, his sudden improvement in style may be reckoned among the wonders of the age.

The *Blackwood* article in question, criticising Macaulay and his History, traces Macaulay's pedigree to a Highlander and a Quakeress, and says:

"With Highland and Quaker blood flowing in equal currants through his veins, it is difficult to say whether a Highlander or a Quaker is the more favorite object of his satire and butt for the shafts of his ridicule; whether George Fox, or Colt of the Cows, comes in for the larger share of his contempt; whether the enthusiast who took off what we are in the habit of considering as the most essential of all garments, to walk in the simplicity of nature through the streets of Litchfield, or the native of the Grampians, who never possessed such an article of dress at all, is the more ridiculous in his eyes; whether, in short, he despises most those who gave birth to his father or mother."

A STRAY METHODIST PREACHER!—Mr. I. S. Holland, of Pembroke, Christian County, Kentucky, offers a reward of $150 for the capture and return to him of Thomas Whitlock, a Methodist preacher, twenty-eight years old, and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. If caught in a free State, the reward will be $100. Thomas, it appears, has thought best to change his relation from the *local* to the *itinerant* ranks, and in all probability without "official" authority. He is now evidently in the *travelling* connection. Whether he will continue in his present "relation," or go back into the local ranks, will depend very much on circumstances. He weighs 180 pounds, and is 28 years old! His advertisement does not say whether he is long or short, black or white, or a compromise, only he weighs 180 pounds, and is 28 years old! Has anybody seen a stray Methodist preacher of the aforesaid age and weight in this region? We hope our "Church officers" will do their duty in this matter, and see to it, if possible, that Thomas is taken back to his rightful proprietor, I. S. Holland of Pembroke, *Christian* County, Kentucky. It is bad enough for private members, class leaders, &c., to abscond from their lawful owners; how much more atrocious is it for preachers to be guilty of this great wickedness!—W.—*Northern Independent.*

A writer in *The Cincinnati Commercial* draws the following not flattered picture of Mr. Douglas:

"Douglas belongs, by temperament and constitution, to the race of bulli-s. His proper, legitimate sphere is the bar-room or the prize-ring. He is just the kind of man to be the favorite of black-legs and the idol of bottle-holders. His endowments of limb and muscle, his compact and burl solidity of form, and enormous fistic strength, would have made him *facile princeps* among the Sullivans, the Morrisseys, and the Heenans. But the horoscope of his fortune was differently cast; and having settled, early in life, in a back-woods country, he was fated to become a politician. In a community of little intellectual or moral culture, his rise was rapid, for his powers were just of the compass which fitted him to shine, where a man of finer nature would have failed. He possessed moderate intellectual talents, an iron will, untiring energy, and unbounded ambition. He rose at length, through various gradations, to be a Senator of the United States, and, with greedy eyes devouring the Presidency from afar, he has shaped every scheme and strained every nerve to win it. * * * The powers of Douglas as a public orator are limited to a pl

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SYLVIA.

BY JOHN A. DORGAN.

I MET my false love in the lane to-day—
The pretty girl, who wedded sacks of gold,
And for a heart, would give them all away:
So is her story told.

I had resolved to speak my honest scorn
To her; but when I saw how care had fed
Upon her loveliness, walking forlorn,
As if her soul was dead,

Upon the earth, forgotten things among,
The bitter words I had resolved to tell,
Like swords that fall from hands by death unstrung,
Crashing and shivering fell.

And so we met and parted, silently;
Despair so frozen in her countenance
That she endured without a moan or cry
The pity of my silence.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. IX.

WHEN Madge returned to the house, she paused upon the verandah to catch the last glimpse of the setting sun, which was painting the western sky with purple, crimson and gold, glinting the tops of the old elm trees, flecking the lawn with varied tints, and bathing the whole landscape in a warm, soft and loving light. Instinctively she removed her hat, and, leaning against the flower-twined pillar, turned her sweet face full toward the west and drank in the charm glowing from that scene of beauty. Rover came bounding along, and, crouching at her feet, turned his queer, intelligent eyes also toward the sunset. His mistress, however, did not heed him. One of her old dreaming fits was upon her. She was silent and happy, but could give no reason for it. God's actors are never theorists. They live what other people think and write. How natural and rightful does it seem for this young girl, this bud of seventeen, to be in close communion with nature—to love the forest—find her companions among the birds—listen to "sermons in stones"—read "books in the running brooks"—find poetry in the flowers, and admire the pictures painted by the gorgeous sunset.

Yet we suppose that most of her friends complained of her as a holden, and marvelled why the elegant Mrs. Vertner did not break her child of such vulgar habits, refine and make a lady of her. But Madge's life was as unconscious as that of the flowers. She was blameless and guileless; yet she was by no means "a model," or a record of human virtues bound in flesh and blood. She was bold and wilful, with a flash of temper which sometime kindled up her whole frame and lit her face as lightning lights up and brightens the summer sky. Col. Vertner had never allowed her will to be curbed, so that she oftentimes appeared imperious though never harsh. "*I must*" and "*I shall*" were never, even in her childhood, idle threats, but intimations of a settled purpose, from which nothing could swerve her. Her father, who took great pride in her determined character, used to say, in his jocose way, that "she was a d—l one minute and an angel the next." Though her life was, to all appearance, so very objective and external, so full of dashing animation and boisterous frolic, those who knew her best—the negroes, and especially the old nurse—declared that she was watched over and guided by angels—that spirits whispered round her cradle; and though this was generally set down as idle negro talk, yet we have seen her at times when her face bore a strange expression, the eyes being wide, her lips parted, and the thin, fine nostril distended as if snuffing air purer than that breathed by common nostrils. So it was now. As she leaned against the pillar, gazing at the sunset, a soft, dreamy languor seemed to encircle her, and to make her eyes dewy and her limbs heavy.

"Madge, Madge," called her father's voice from the parlor; "Madge, darling, come here."

"Yes, papa, I am coming." Still she did not move, or change the earnest fixedness of her gaze.

Pomp, who had been following her at a distance, now stole up and laid himself down on the door sill, fixing his eyes inquiringly upon his young mistress.

"What's it, Miss Madge, up dar?" and he pointed his finger toward the sunset. "Is it God's house—door open—an' is all dat splendid red an' yaller his carpet?"

"Who told you so, Pomp?" she inquired.

"Nobody, miss—nobody at all; only I hearn 'em say dat God lives up dar in de sky, an' so I jist s'posed dat yonder mout be his front door, what somebody's lef' open, so dat us can see clar in."

Madge, not displeased with the unique idea, was disposed to pursue the conversation a little further, and said:

"Well, Pomp supposing that to be an open door of heaven, tell me what you see beyond."

"Laws, Miss Madge, I doesn't see no furder 'an de front passage an' de big winders. Yer see dem big red curtains, jist like de ones missus hangs up in de drawin'-room in de winter, comes down so long an' broad like, dat I can't see fur inter de house; but I knows it is splendist like, an' I should love to have a peep in dar—I would, now, best in de world."

"Well, Pomp," said Madge with a sudden energy, "if you are a good boy and a faithful servant, and do all that you are told, and don't steal or tell stories, you will go there when you die."

The boy's eyes were stretched widely open; he rose and looked at his young mistress with an expression of delighted wonder.

"What, Miss Madge, me gwine to heaven when I die?"

"Yes, if you are a good boy."

He hesitated a moment, as if weighing in his mind the chances and possibilities of such a destiny. For a moment his black face grew bright, as if he half accepted the promise. 'Twas but a gleam, for, quickly resuming the old expression, he shook his head, saying—

"But, laws! Miss Madge, de kitchen an' de quarter won't be nice, an' I'll hab to go in dar 'long wid de oder niggers."

"No, if you are good when you die, you will go to heaven, where there will be no kitchen, but all the saved souls will live together."

"Den dey ain't gwine to hab a kitchen up dar? And de white folks will go 'long de niggers? Oh, no, Miss Madge, God ain't gwine to hab no sich house as dat."*

Madge felt herself a little puzzled about the matter, and, her idea of social order being somewhat disturbed, she laughingly remarked—

"Well, Pomp, be a good boy and leave all to God."

As she turned to enter the parlor, a rough, shabbily-dressed and dust-bespattered man rode up to the verandah and, hastily dismounting, called out to Pomp—

"Here, boy, here! is your master at home?"

"Yes, sar, he's in de drawin'-room," and Pomp made a bow, touching his hand to his fore-lock, in imitation of taking off a cap. "Walk in, sar, please—walk right in to de house."

Madge did not halt or speak to the man, but, remembering that her father had called her some moments before, she entered the drawing-room, where she found him busy with his newspaper.

"Well, darling, I've been thinking over our trip to the Cave, and trying to arrange in my mind the day we shall start."

"Oh, papa, that's very pleasant news: when ——"

Here the conversation was broken off by the sudden entrance of Pomp, followed by the rough-looking stranger.

"Master, here's a gemman wants to see you." There was a very obvious emphasis upon the word gentleman, and a queer, cunning expression in Pomp's face, as if he doubted the stranger's right to that much-used and more abused title. After glancing shrewdly towards his Miss Madge, he darted off, declaring that he meant to hold the stranger's horse and see if he wouldn't give him a dime or sixpence.

Col. Vertner rose from his seat, and, with a cold word of recognition, welcomed Tom Hynes to his mansion.

"Well, Colonel, I'se got 'em fast an' shure, lodged in the town jail."

The old one! was about to reply, but remembering his daughter's presence, he said:

"Madge, I have business to attend to."

The girl retreated from the room, but not out of hearing. She ensconced herself behind an open shutter upon the verandah, where, unperceived, she could hear every word of the conversation.

"Where did you catch them?" asked Col. Vertner, with a little more cordiality in his tone, as he pointed to a chair.

"Well, thanky, Colonel, I feels sorter tired, but this here cheer is altogether too fine fur one o' my trim to sot on. Why, I'll squash this green velvet right into a boller with my weight an' dirt. I did mean to smart up a little afore comin' here, but I was in sich a hurry to let you know the good news."

"Be seated, say nothing of your dress, but tell me how, where and when you caught the negroes."

"Well, now, Colonel, you see them dogs of mine is as sure an' sartain as ken be; they ken scent a nigger true an' fur. I jist whistled 'em out an' followed along the course pretty direct from your place to the river. I have scented an' treed so many niggers that it 'pears to me now as though I could do it most without the dogs. I has my hand in, an' seems to have a faculty that way; an' though I don't mean any vanity or self-praise like, you know, I does say it, who oughten ter, that I has picked up more runaways than any other fellah of my size an' age in these parts."

Col. Vertner was growing tired of this kind of talk, and, waving his hand, called Tom back to the original question, by asking—

"And where were they arrested?"

* This is a literal transcript from the conversation of a slave.

"Oh, I ax yer pardon! but I forgits sometimes; true, as you was sayin', whar was they caught? We walked along the fust day, an' I seed from the way the dogs smelt and snuffed along that we was on the right track. All along through them flat thickets and right into the swamps we marched fur two days, when, nigh about the close of the third day, as we drawed close on to Squire Martin's farm, I seed the dogs begin to snuff and fume away at the ground, and Cuff—he's the best of the whole pack—jist tore round an' snuffed up as though he'd have a fit. Then I knowed he smelt nigger flesh, an' sure enuff he did. I began to beat about a little myself, an' thar, bid away behind a pile of old fence rails, I found 'em both, Jack an' Milly. At fust the boy showed a little resistance, swore he wouldn't be took back alive, an' that he never meant to be a slave again. Wall, now, you see, I never 'lows any o' that kind of talk 'bout me; so I fetched him a blow across the head with my powder-horn, which I think done the business, an' give him a pretty bad headache; then the woman fell to a-cryin' an' beggin' an' sayin' they would go back peaceably. Well, I had no more trouble, you may say, after that. With the assistance of Bill Bunce, I tied 'em both, an' they walked along with us as peaceable as could be, except the woman, who kept up a good deal of sobbing an' sniffling; but Jack was as still as though he had bin dumb. Milly took on a good deal when she found that they was goin' to jail an' not comin' home; but they's fast now, an' you can do what yer likes best with 'em."

"And now you wait for your pay."

"Yes, Colonel, I should like to git the money now if it suits your convenience; but don't hurry yourself you'se as good as the bank, an' any man can 'ford to wait your time."

"It suits me to pay you now"; and Col. Vertner withdrew to another room, while Tom Hynes was left sole occupant of the parlor. How admiringly the vulgar man's eye wandered about, and occasionally lingered for a moment or two upon some rich article of furniture. How he envied the owner of so much splendor and luxury, and perhaps he dreamed of the time when he too should be master of such an establishment. But if he did, such pictures and visions were soon dissipated by the return of the owner of the mansion, who counted out to him, dollar by dollar, every cent of the reward.

"Thanky, Colonel, I'm much obleeged," said the obsequious Hynes, as he carefully rolled up the bank notes and deposited them safely in his old, worn leather wallet. "I s'pose, Colonel, you'll be comin' in to town to-morrow or next day to see to them runaways, or would you like me to fetch 'em out to you?"

"No, I shall go in myself to-morrow; I never wish to have them again on the place, and shall dispose of them as soon as possible."

"Now, if you'd be fur sendin' 'em down the river, I ken tell you of a trader who would give you as good a bargain as any man. He is buyin' up now, an' I know that he gives good prices. If you would like, I ken bring him to you, here, if you say so, or in town."

Col. Vertner hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Bring him to me to-morrow in town. We can take him to the jail and let him look at the negroes."

"Sartinly, Colonel, it's jist the same to me; we'll be on hand, near about the tavern. I have only one other job on hand at present; that's to look up that gal of the widder Vitetor; I guess it won't be more 'an a snap of my finger to git her. Them wimmin ain't smart in the legs like the boys. Now, I believe, if it hadn't bin for his wife, your Jack would have bin clean off t'other day, but the wimmin is slow and hinder us. This gal of the widder Vitetor's went off, I understand, without any sign of a cause. I was talkin' 'long Andy Viteter, the other day, an' he says his mother is goin' to move out to Missoury, an' the gal didn't want to leave her husband, an' had bin beggin' a good deal to be hired out or sold here, but his mother wan't willin', an' so she started off. They have had her husband up, tryin' to make him tell whar she is, but they kan't git nothin' from him. He is John Green's man Peter. They say they give him an orful whippin', but to the last he held out that he didn't know nothin' of his wife."

To none of this talk did Col. Vertner lend a willing or attentive ear; indeed, he felt a sense of degradation in remaining so long in the presence of such a vagabond as Hynes. But the wealthy gentleman must needs remember that he was in his own house. Moreover, the slave-catcher—degraded though he be socially—has certain responsible political possessions; he is a voter—one of the Democratic sovereigns—and his existence cannot be quietly wiped out or overlooked, as though he were a woman. Even the nabob, at certain times, condescends to salute him. So Col. Vertner bore, with a show of patience, a monologue which was utterly distasteful to him. But, after awhile, Hynes took his leave. When he remounted his horse, there stood the expectant Pomp, bowing very politely to him, and insisting upon giving him his stirrup. He followed him down the avenue, opened the gate, and saw the rough rider depart without bestowing upon him a cent. With a disappointed expression of face, the boy looked after the horse and rider, and, turning away, whistled "Nary red."

The glowing twilight had faded into the dark shadows of evening. Everything looked chill and gray. The lamps were unlighted in the parlor; Col. Vertner sat alone. Madge stole from her biding-place; and, still as the moon gliding from behind a cloud, she crept up to her father's side and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"What is it, daughter?" and the fond father's hand was upon her head, with his fingers twining her long curls. She gazed full upon him; in that equivocal light, her great eyes shone out like stars.

"Papa, Milly and Jack have been found."

"Yes, my dear." He tried to smile.

"When are they coming home?"

"I am not going to let them come home at all."

"Yes, you will, papa."

"No, my dear; now don't think you can persuade me to do such an unreasonable toing. You are a very young girl, Madge, and can't understand business affairs. I'll buy you as many ponies, dogs, dresses or pianos as you want; but I will positively not listen to you when you urge such a foolish request."

"Papa, it isn't right to sell them away from home; they want to stay with us."

"Then why did they run off?"

Madge was a little dashed.

"But, papa, we should forgive them and not make them unhappy. I know it was wrong of them to run off, but I am sure that they will not do so again. You will try them this time, won't you, dear papa, for my sake?" And she wound her arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek close to his.

"Come, now, that's a dear good papa; he will do it for me, I know."

"But, Madgey, darling, what of our promised trip to the Mammoth Cave? Have you seen your friends, and does Helen consent to accompany us?"

"Yes, papa, she is anxious to go with us, and her mamma has given consent; all that matter is pleasantly arranged; so we need talk no further about it. Let us have it settled, *between ourselves*, that Jack and Milly are not to be sold, but brought back home, and kindly forgiven. Come, papa, you are not used to refuse *me* favors."

"No, child, not when you ask things within reason, but now you are going far beyond your privilege."

"*My privilege!* Why, papa, what that is in your power should limit *my* privilege?" She half drew away from his embrace and eyed him with a look almost of defiance.

"Well, little lady, you needn't be so very haughty about it, but I shall have to teach you that my business affairs *must not* be interfered with, even by my precious, pouting, saucy little Madge Wildfire."

"But, papa, I mean to beg and tease and worry you until you say yes. Ah, but there comes mamma; I mustn't speak of it while she is by."

Mrs. Vertner came sweeping in through the open folding-door, as stately and chill as an ice queen.

"What, Mr. Vertner, are you and Madge alone in this gloomy room? Why didn't you ring for lights?"

"Gloomy is it, my dear? I am sure I thought it a fine pleasant sort of light. Daniel came in with the lamps, but I would not allow them to be lighted. 'Tis so much pleasanter to sit thus through the twilight."

"How very odd you are; I am sure it is very gloomy. I *must* have a lamp."

She rang the bell, and Daniel soon appeared with the lights. Madge screened her eyes with her hand from the bright blaze, and Col. Vertner sank back in the pillowy depths of his arm chair, to dream dreams, perhaps, of what "might have been." Mrs. Vertner drowsed over her embroidery—that unceasing occupation of vacant minds—while Madge sat lost in a brown study, locking her fingers together, knitting and unknitting them, as scheme after scheme dawned upon her rapidly-awakening mind. All three were silent or preoccupied with themselves. The tray of tea and sandwiches, which Daniel brought in, was sent out again, its contents untasted. Thus the hours wore on, until the hand upon the dial-plate of the alabaster clock, which stood on the mantel, pointed to the hour of nine, when Madge rose and wished her parents good-night. As her lips lingered, for a moment, upon her father's brow, in the good-night kiss, she whispered—

"Dear, papa, you will grant my request, will you not?"

He shook his head decidedly, and said, in a clear tone—

"Go to bed, Madge; say your prayers, darling, and try to learn obedience."

When she entered the weird little room where she slept, she did not light the lamp, but seated herself at the open window and looked out upon the still, star-lighted summer night. Hour after hour glided by, and Madge still sat by the window, dreaming dreams and forming plans of which we shall have more hereafter. The thoughts which come to us in the stillness of the night are generally serious and earnest, and the convictions of duty which we have then are mostly true and good. No man could live a wrong life who accustomed himself every night to quietly think over the actions of the day—to analyze his motives, criticize his behavior, and "post" the books of conscience.

A BLIND MAN'S THOUGHTS.

I LITTLE knew the worth of sight
Before my lamp was snatched away;
Ah, had I garnered up the light,
My mind had not been dark to-day!
Had coming eve foretold me'd thought,
How precious, then, would morn have been;
Alas, I saw not what I ought,
And saw what I should not have seen!

The blow descended as I slept,
I woke unconscious of my doom,
While morning unsuspected crept
With stealthy footsteps round my room;
But when the dawn had passed away,
Th' unwonted merry call of some
Who came to tell me it was day
Told me—my polar night was come.

It died—that first bewild'ring pain;
But rapid mem'ry, ne'er at rest,
Marshals a long and mournful train
Of dead enjoyments once possessed;
So to the minds of drowning men,
When past the anguish and the strife,
One flashing moment shows again
Each letter of the page of life.

Yet would I not complain; I feel
Some pleasures are obscured by light,
As darkness can alone reveal
The solitary orbs of night:
The flowers unseen yield sweeter scent;
The touch of love is prized the more;
And woman's silvery voice is blent
With music never heard before.

Yea, though I tread the vale of night,
I fear no ill, for He is there
Who with the rod of pain to smite
Has given the staff of strength to bear,
And thus, with darkened steps and slow,
Yet led by faith, I venture on
So close to Him who deals the blow
That half its heavy weight is gone.

R. R.

MR. MAY'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Correspondence of The Syracuse Standard.

MAUCHLINE, Aug. 22d, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: Here I am, not only in the land of Robert Burns, but in the very village near which he lived, and which was the birth-place of a number of his poems. I am here alone, an utter stranger to all about me. And I cannot occupy myself, while waiting and resting for the train that is to carry me back to Glasgow, so agreeably as in writing to you, who, I know, are ready to receive most graciously any reports I may find time to make of my tour.

I left Glasgow this morning at 7 o'clock, in company with my late fellow-travellers, Miss E. H., of Concord, Mass., and Mr., Mrs. and Miss J., whose last home in our country was near Syracuse. A ride, upon the railroad, of forty miles brought us, in two hours, to Ayr—the land of Burns—whither, as to a sacred spot, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pilgrims yearly wend their way.

At the railroad station we took a carriage (which they here call a *machine*) and drove out of the town a little more than two miles, to a long, one-storied, white-washed stone cottage, standing hard upon the road side. Our driver stopped his horse and announced the "*Birth-place of Burns.*" Another "machin" just then drove with a party from the door, making room for us to enter the humble, but now illustrious, house. A kindly-looking, neatly-dressed old woman, and her cannie daughter, received us in an entry about four feet square, on either side of which was a room fourteen feet square, the kitchen on the left hand, and the *spence*, or sitting-room, on the right. We were ushered first into the former, which we were assured was kept very much in the condition in which it was when Burns's parents occupied it. A tall old clock stood close by the door at which we entered. The opposite side of the room was more than half engrossed by an old-fashioned stone fire-place. On the left hand side of the room was a small window, and, opposite, the right hand side was occupied by dressers and a cupboard. Between the cupboard and the clock was a curtained recess, seven feet long and four feet deep, completely filled by a neat bedstead and bed. That, we were told, was especially the spot where his mother gave birth to the immortal poet.

We then went into the *spence*. It was a dark, dingy room—the walls, the tables, the chairs, literally covered with names inscribed or deeply graven by some of the thousands who wished it to be known that they had been attracted to the place by the fame of "Scotia's favorite bard." Having furnished ourselves with pictures of the room in which Burns was born, and fac-similes of the original manuscript of his "Cotter's Saturday Night," we took our coach again and drove a mile further. Passing the "Alloway Kirk," a few rods, we alighted on the opposite side of the road, at the gate of the enclosed mound upon which stands a monument to Burns. It is a circular, temple-like stone building, about twenty-five feet in diameter and sixty feet high, with a dome-like top. Inside there is a room, perhaps fifteen feet in diameter. Opposite to the door stands a marble bust of the poet, which looked to me much more beautiful, intellectual, spiritual, than any picture of Burns I had ever before seen. In the centre of the room, upon a pedestal, there is a glass case containing the Bible, in two small open volumes, which he gave to his Highland Mary. Upon the fly-leaf of one of them is fastened a lock of her hair, and upon that of the other a favorite text of scripture, which, I am ashamed to say, I have already forgotten. There are, also, in the case several autographs of the poet and two rings, sent thither by his son, one of them containing some of his hair, the other some of his wife's; also a handsome copy of the poet's works, and a snuff-box made from the wood of Alloway Kirk.

After gazing at these relics as long as our time would allow, we ascended a narrow staircase within the wall, to a balcony at the base of the columns which support the dome or the monument. From this we had a fine view of the beautiful country in which was nurtured that tender, graceful and yet manly genius, whose effusions are on the tongue of every Scotchman, and have commanded the admiration of all people who can read the language in which they were poured out. Just below us, a few rods beyond the thick hedge which fences the enclosure of the monument, we saw the bonnie Doon, running as it used to do in the days when Burns delighted himself in its "banks and braes." And not an eighth of a mile off, there still stood the old stone bridge where the witch pulled off the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare. So we hurried down, that we might tread upon the spot made so memorable by the Ayrshire bard. The gardener took us to a small grotto at the south side of the enclosure, in which were the inimitable statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnnie. Having laughed heartily, as we always must at such homely wit and honest good nature, we were kindly permitted to take from the shrubbery, around the base of the monument, sprigs of myrtle, holly and the Scotch yew, as momentoes of our visit; and then went down as romantic a lane as poet could wish to see, along the bank of the Doon, to the famous old bridge that spans it. We went over the bridge and back again; looked up and down the beautiful stream; wished we could stay longer; but, heeding the admonition of one of our party, whose time was limited, we came reluctantly away from the enchanting spot. Retracing our steps up the lane, and passing by the monument, we came, in a few minutes, to "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk," and the crowded grave-yard which surrounds it. The old building is, and 'tis said has long been, roofless; but the walls are entire, and the bell still hangs in its place at the east end. The wood-work has all been carried off to make canes, snuff-boxes and other memorials of this celebrated spot. The area of the church has long been appropriated, by Lord Alloway and others, as burial places. So we were not admitted into it; but we could look through a small window, and see where Tam O'Shanter saw the witches dancing.

There was an old Scotchman on the ground, whose office it evidently was (by appointment or assumption) to show it to strangers. He was competent to the duty, for he had long lived in the neighborhood; he had seen Robert Burns; he knew Tam and Souter Johnnie; and had often told the stories which visitors wish to hear; and had much of the poetry of the immortal bard at his tongue's end, which he repeated with that broad Scotch accent that makes it doubly enchanting. He showed us the grave of Burns's father and Souter Johnnie, and a number of the poet's friends, and pointed us to several spots in the adjoining fields, made memorable by some allusions to them in Burns's poems. But we could not stop to hear all he had to tell us, and, as we paid him a good fee, I suppose he did not grieve much that we spared him a part of the recital.

From Alloway Kirk we drove through the town of Ayr, where is still standing, and in good repair, the Inn which Tam O'Shanter loved to frequent, and where, in front of the church, is a well-wrought statue of Robert Burns, and not far therefrom another, of William Wallace. Scotia nourishes the memory of her heroes.

We hurried on, over a fine road, twelve miles through a beautiful country, to this village—Mauchline—where is a station on the Glasgow and Carlisle railroad, upon which my travelling companions had planned to go into Westmoreland. But we came here rather than to another station because Mauchline is the village in which Burns found his wife, and where he was married, and near which is still standing the house where he lived, and the fields that he cultivated three or four years, and where he wrote his principal poems. *Mossgeil* is the name of his place. Of course we went out to it, and were permitted, as all well-behaved visitors are, to look into and about the house and yard, and barns, as much as our sense of propriety would allow us to. Our driver showed me (for I rode outside with him) things and spots made memorable by what Burns had said or done respecting them. He gave me an account, too, of the celebration of the centennial birthday last January, which, here and at Ayr, as well as Glasgow, Edinburgh and London, was most enthusiastic. I asked which was the greatest favorite with the people of Scotland, Burns or Walter Scott? "O, Burns," he exclaimed with great earnestness.

Well, he brought us back to the village, and to this very neat, cosy inn, in time for us to take some much-needed refreshment. That done, Mr. J. hurried off to look after the "luggage" of the party, and get their tickets for Carlisle. I walked part way to the station with the ladies, and at the turn of the road, a most beautiful street, bade them "good-bye." It was hard to part from them. They had contributed very much to the pleasure and profit of my tour. One of them, in particular, had been my travelling companion from Venice, through Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Bavaria, Switzerland, Belgium to Paris. But she had determined to return home by the steamer of the 27th, and so was obliged to hurry on more rapidly than my plans would allow. We met unexpectedly at Rome, in St. Peter's Church, under the dome; we have parted here, in the land of Burns.

Here let me take the occasion to say that I have been exceedingly fortunate in the companions that I have had. They have been persons of my own and of other nations, but from each and every one I have received kindnesses that have made me their debtor forever. I wish particularly to report that I have uniformly found the English people with whom I have travelled, or have met transiently, courteous, obliging and social. I desire to record this because I was often told that I should find them the reverse. In several instances they have made the first advance; have proffered me some favor, and have taken pains to oblige me.

I have felt sad and lonely enough the last two hours, but writing to you has cheered me somewhat; but now it is time to go to the station and return to Glasgow, where I shall soon find some zealous anti-slavery persons, who will seem to me like old friends.

GLASGOW, Aug. 23d.

The train did not come up until fifteen minutes after I reached the station. So I took out my fac-simile of the original of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and in full view of the beautiful hills and valleys of Ayrshire, upon which the eye of Burns had so often dwelt with delight, I read this, which is one of his most exquisite poems, with a deeper enjoyment of its beauties than ever before.

In order that I might see more of the Scotch people, and at the same time save a couple of dollars, I took a seat in a third-class car. It was filled with well-behaved persons of various social positions. Two young country squires rode with us fifteen or twenty miles, having their dogs, and their bags, full of grouse, under their seats. Not far off sat a well-dressed pretty lassie, of seventeen, with a large frame, containing, I suppose, a picture she had just finished at some school. But, alas! right before me sat two Highlanders, in full costume, each with a bag-pipe, upon which they played most of the time with stentorian lungs, making music about as agreeable as that of a large locust in a hot summer's day, accompanied by a stout boy blowing a squash vine trumpet. Nevertheless, I am alive and well, and truly yours,

S. J. MAY.

THE EXILE TO IRELAND.

[Translated from the Italian of Dr. C. BRAICO, one of the highly gifted companions of PORADI, who has landed in Ireland in March, 1859. The talented and accomplished lady who has turned it into English verse, with so much sweetness and power, is a native of Dublin.]

OH, sacred land! oh! dearly longed-for land,
In my distress of soul I called on thee,
Where from old ocean's lap appears thy strand:
To my dear country, lengthened misery
Made thee a sister—I, though far apart,
Cherished thee long within my secret heart.

Nor had thy children's generous pity then
And genial warm embraces comforted
My wearying wandering spirit, nor again
Had human sympathies their solace shed
For the oppress'd, upon his path of grief—
Bitter, indeed, without this sweet relief.

But when at length upon thy verdant shores
My wearied and enfeebled limbs I press'd—
Where day her fertilizing sunbeams pours—
I kissed thy soil and felt of every breast
The loving beat, one beat of thousand hearts,
As to a sacred grief their mourning joy imparts.

Kindness was proffered me with friendly grace,
While on my ear its gentle accents fell,
And in a whisper'd tone I lost the trace
Of my long anguish; O if e'er I dwell,
In thought on this, my indignation dies,
And I can bless my life's long sacrifice.

I blessed it then; that moment was the first
Which lessened tyranny's oppressive weight;
For if of brighter suns, of love that nursed
Us in our childhood's years, tyrannic hate
Deprived us once, now as with one accord
A great-souled people gave the welcoming word.

Hail, hospitable land! wherever breathes
Unselfish care, a godlike charity,
And hope—where kindness her fair garland wreathes—
There my heart seeks and recognizes thee:
Thou'rt virtue's self, hastening with tender grace
To cheer the sad with motherly embrace.

And when the dear abode I shall regain,
Home of my fathers—how the strangers' love
Shall gladden life, assuaging mental pain
For friend, for wife and brother I from above
That love descended like refreshing dew,
To soothe the afflicted soul with kindness true.

An! ah! had death not silenced one dear voice—
My gentle mother's—seated by the side
Of that afflicted one, I should rejoice
With yet a fuller peace; with grateful pride
I would record our sorrows, our despair,
And tell her of the strangers' friendly care.

And now that at the war-hymn's sounding peal
My long abandoned hopes revive once more,
Hopes waked to life by thee—now that I feel
My arms made stronger by the chains they bore
Free for the strife—to thee I proudly turn,
Affection's goal! yet restless still I mourn.

My spirit resteth not, for burning zeal
Urges it on o'er paths with danger fraught,
Where I may die for my loved country's weal,
And where the chain erewhile by tyrants wrought
To weigh upon our necks shall shattered lie
Before Italia's strength in unity.

Hail, land of friends! hail to thee, sacred land!
In my distress of soul I called on thee,
Where from old ocean's lap appears thy strand:
To my dear country, lengthened misery
Had made thee sister—I, from thee apart,
Cherished thee long within my secret heart.

Never shall speeding time, or concourse ill
Of chances, force oblivion on my heart;
And e'en when victory's cry my ears shall fill,
If for my brethren with my life I part,
In death, believe, my latest joy shall be
The memory of thy sons' humanity.

Greenisland, Belfast, June, 1859. I. A. C.

DEATH OF A TRAVELLER IN THE GLACIERS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times*, writing from Zermatt, August 18, gives the following thrilling narrative:

"It appears that on Friday morning, August 12, a Russian gentleman, named Edouard de Grotte, left the Riffelberg Hotel to cross the pass of the Weisthor. He was a very fine, powerful man, about six feet three inches high, and had a somewhat wild and unsettled look on his face. He had no Alpenstock (which was indispensable for such an expedition), and sharply refused an offer of the landlord to supply him with one.

"He started with two Zermatt guides, and safely crossed both the Weisthor and Monte Moro passes, arriving in the evening at Matmark, a village in the valley of Saas. He appeared to be very confident in his own physical powers, and to be inclined to despise the difficulties and dangers occasionally met with in the higher regions of the Alps.

"On Saturday morning he left Matmark with his two guides (still without an Alpenstock, and carrying only a walking stick in his hand). He retraced his steps of the previous day as far as the top of the Weisthor Pass; from there, instead of turning to the left and descending by the usual route along the Gorner Glacier to the Riffelberg, he descended by the Fendelin Glacier, which slopes from the pass directly down into the valley of Zermatt, and affords a shorter, though much more perilous, route to the town than the Gorner Glacier.

"The three were fastened together by a rope; the traveller being in the middle; the rope was tied round his body, but was not, as it should have been, tied round the guides also; it was only held on the left arm of each by a large loose loop. In this way they passed over the greater part of the glacier, and were within a few minutes of leaving it altogether, when they came to a large patch of snow, which the guides, according to their own account, proposed to pass round, but which the traveller insisted on crossing. Accordingly the first guide crossed in safety. The traveller then followed him, but when he had reached the middle the snow gave way under his feet, and he sank into a hidden *crevasse*. Having no Alpenstock he could not break his fall in the usual way, by holding it across the chasm, and so his whole weight was thrown with a sudden jerk upon the rope, which broke instantly on both sides of the *crevasse*, down which the unfortunate man consequently fell. His voice was soon heard calling for assistance, which the guides were not skilful enough to render. The *crevasse* was a peculiar one, being narrow at the top, and widening downwards for some distance, after which it narrowed again till its sides met at a depth of about 200 feet. This circumstance rendered it impossible to reach him without a rope; he appeared to be about sixty feet from the top, wedged between the sides of the crevasse; and they had no rope excepting the two ends that remained with them, of about a yard each, so they determined that one of them should go to the nearest *chalet*—a two hours' walk—for ropes. The idea of trying to make a rope, by cutting up their coats and shirts, and especially their leathern knapsacks, seems, most unaccountably, never to have occurred to them. Thus the unfortunate M. de Grotte received no assistance for four hours, during which he frequently spoke to the guide above. He was, he said, in a sloping position, with his head lower than his feet, and with his right arm free, but he was constantly sinking lower. After three hours, the flow of blood to his head and the intense cold had very much weakened him; he spoke seldom, saying only that he was being frozen to death.

"At last, after four hours, the guide returned from the Fendelin *chalet* with assistance; the rope was lowered, but was found to be twelve feet too short to reach him. Now, it will scaccely be credited, but it is a fact, that when the rope was found to be too short, nothing more was done, but men were sent for more ropes to Zermatt, a distance of four hours, so that the unhappy man was condemned by the helpless clowns above him to pass eight hours more in his icy prison. He had endured the most dreadful agony, for at first the warmth of his body, dissolving the ice next him, caused him to sink lower; but as the vital heat departed, the cold gradually regained its superiority, so that he was frozen in tightly between the walls of ice, which, as their wetted surfaces congealed and slightly expanded towards each other, crushed him between them with irresistible force.

"About the end of the fifth hour the poor man died. He had fallen in between noon and 1 p. m., and he died about five p. m. At midnight more ropes came from Zermatt, and his corpse was pulled up; it was found at the depth of seventy-two feet. It was handed over to the authorities, by whom an inquest was held and an examination instituted."

OLD PAPERS.

As who, in idly searching o'er
Some seldom-entered garret shed,
Might, with strange pity, touch the poor,
Moth-eaten garments of the dead,

Thus (to their wearer once allied)
I lift these weeds of buried woe,
These relics of a self that died
So sadly and so long ago!

'Tis said that seven short years can change,
Through nerve and bone, this knitted frame—
Cellule by cellule waxing strange,
Till not an atom is the same.

By what more subtile, slow degrees
Thus may the mind transmute its all,
That calmly it should dwell on these,
As on another's fate and fall!

So far remote from joy or bale,
Wherewith each dusky page is rife,
I seem to read some piteous tale
Of strange romance, but true to life.

Too daring thoughts! too idle deeds!
A soul that questioned, loved, and sinned!
And hopes, that stand like last year's weeds,
And shudder in the dead March wind!

Grave of gone dreams!—could such convulse
Youth's fevered trance? The plot grows thick:
Was it this cold and even pulse
That thrilled with life so fierce and quick?

Well, I can laugh at all this now—
But cannot smile when I recall
The heart of faith, the open brow,
The trust that once was all in all:

Nor when—ah, faded spectral sheet,
Wraith of long-perished wrong and time,
Forbear! the spirit starts to meet
The resurrection of its crime!

Starts—from its human world shut out—
As some detected changeling elf,
Doomed, with strange agony and doubt,
To enter on his former self.

Ill-omened leaves, still rust apart!
No further! 'tis a page turned o'er,
And the long dead and coffined heart
Throbs into wretched life once more.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

LEIGH HUNT.

WE regret to announce the death of the charming essayist, Leigh Hunt. This popular author was the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October the 19th, 1784. His father was a West Indian, and his mother a Philadelphian; but at the period of the American Revolution his father, who was then in the law, took the British side in politics, and manifested his loyalty to the Crown so warmly that he was forced to fly to England. Having taken orders, he was for some time tutor to Mr. Leigh, the nephew of the Duke of Chandos, who had a seat at Southgate. Leigh Hunt received his education at Christ's Hospital, like his friends Coleridge and Lamb. About the time of his coming of age, he assisted his brother John in the establishment of a Sunday paper, the *News*, to which he contributed theatrical criticisms that brought a new tone of writing and independence into that department of the press. He had previously been employed in the office of his brother Stephen, an attorney, but had relinquished that employment for a situation in the War-office, which he gave up on becoming, in 1808, founder and joint proprietor of the *Examiner*. This journal he edited for many subsequent years, and rendered it exceedingly popular. Some remarks, by no means of a personal character, directed against the practice of flogging in the army, became the subject of a prosecution, and the trial came on before Lord Ellenborough, 22d of February, 1811. He was acquitted. But this was not to be the last of the Hunts' appearances in the law courts. A fashionable newspaper having called the Prince Regent an Adonis, Leigh Hunt, in a fit of indignation at the Regent's having broken his promise to the Whigs, added —"of fifty." The prince's vanity triumphed over his discretion, and on the pretended ground of some words of more serious import a third prosecution was instituted. The jury upon this occasion found a verdict of guilty against Leigh Hunt and his brother John, and each was sentenced to pay a fine of £500, and to suffer two years' imprisonment. Offers not to press the penalties were made on condition that no similar attacks should appear, but were with constancy rejected. Upon their liberation the Hunts continued to write as before, and maintained the *Examiner* at the head of the weekly metropolitan press till its fortunes paled for awhile before the Tory ascendancy above mentioned, from which it was redeemed by the wit of Mr. Fonblanque. Meanwhile, Leigh Hunt, on the invitation of his friends, Shelley and Lord Byron, went to set up the *Liberal* in Italy, where, after the almost immediate loss of the former, he continued to reside for about four years, a small portion of which was passed under the same roof with Lord Byron, but not happily. In the year 1847 the Queen, at the recommendation of Lord John Russell, bestowed on him a pension of £200 a year. Among the more important of his poetical works are his "Captain Sword and Captain Pen"; the "Palfrey"; the collection of his narrative poems entitled "Stories in Verse"; and his "Legend of Florence," a play in five acts, which we may mention as being a favorite with her Majesty, who went several times to see it performed at Covent Garden, and, moreover, had it played before her at Windsor. First on the list of his prose works we may place his "Sir Ralph Esher," a novel, or rather fictitious autobiography of a gentleman of the court of Charles II. Then follows a long list of volumes, some of which take their place in the standard literature of the country; the "Indicator"; the "Companion"; the "Seer"; "Men, Women, and Books" (the latter including artic